New Records: Ian McCulloch, Firehose, Pavement

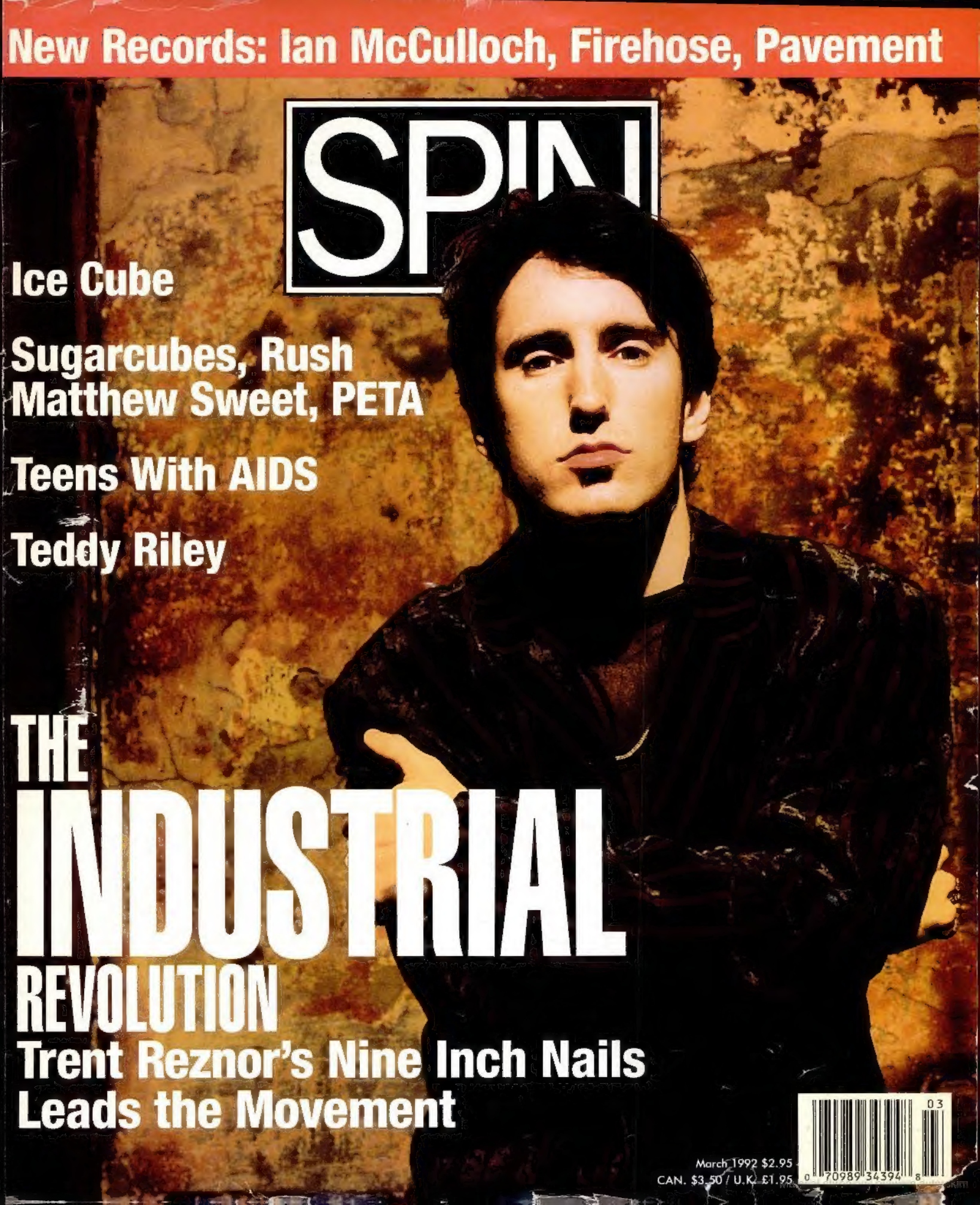
# SPIN

Ice Cube

Sugarcubes, Rush
Matthew Sweet, PETA

Teens With AIDS

Teddy Riley



# THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

## Trent Reznor's Nine Inch Nails Leads the Movement

March 1992 $2.95
CAN. $3.50 / U.K. £1.95

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

This one
GXHZ-9DJ-5T9Y

Ju
24-Hour Roadside Assistance
Program On 1992 Models.†
Room For Four Adults.
Nobody Said They Had To Act Their Age.
Power Front Disc Brakes.
I'll Stop When I'm Ready.
4-Wheel Independent Suspension.
I Can Handle Just About Anything.

Just kidding. But once you get to know the Geo Metro XFi, the highest mileage car in America, with its EPA est. MPG city 53/hwy. 58 and an average range of nearly 600 miles per tank, you'll hardly ever have to stop for gas. And old habits are hard to break. So if you miss that little bell that goes ching ching and the guy who smiles when he takes your money, stop in. Check the oil. Clean your wind-

• Geo Metro XFi • Electronic Fuel Injection • 5-Speed Manu

Material chronionny prawem autorskim

shield. But pass the pumps. And get to know the Geo Metro XFi.

*See your Chevrolet/Geo dealer for terms of this limited warranty. †See your Chevrolet/Geo dealer for details. **With rear seats folded. ††M.S.R.P. including dealer prep. Tax, license, destination charge and optional equipment additional. Geo, the Geo emblem and Chevrolet are registered trademarks and Metro is a trademark of the G.M. Corp. ©1991 G.M. Corp. All Rights Reserved.

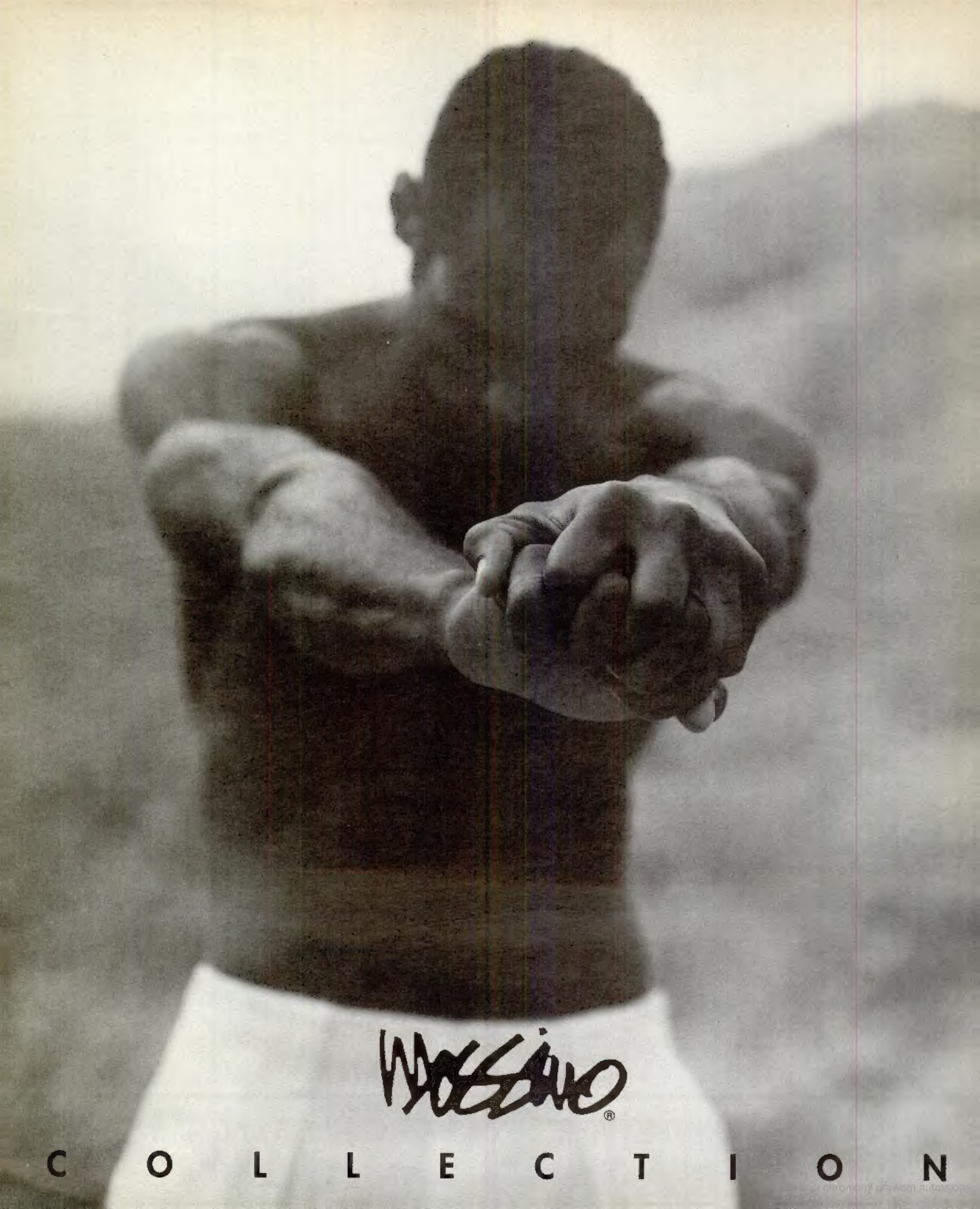
GET TO KNOW

Geo®

AT YOUR CHEVROLET/GEO DEALER'S

Overdrive • $6,999†† • EPA Est. MPG City 53/Hwy. 58 •

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

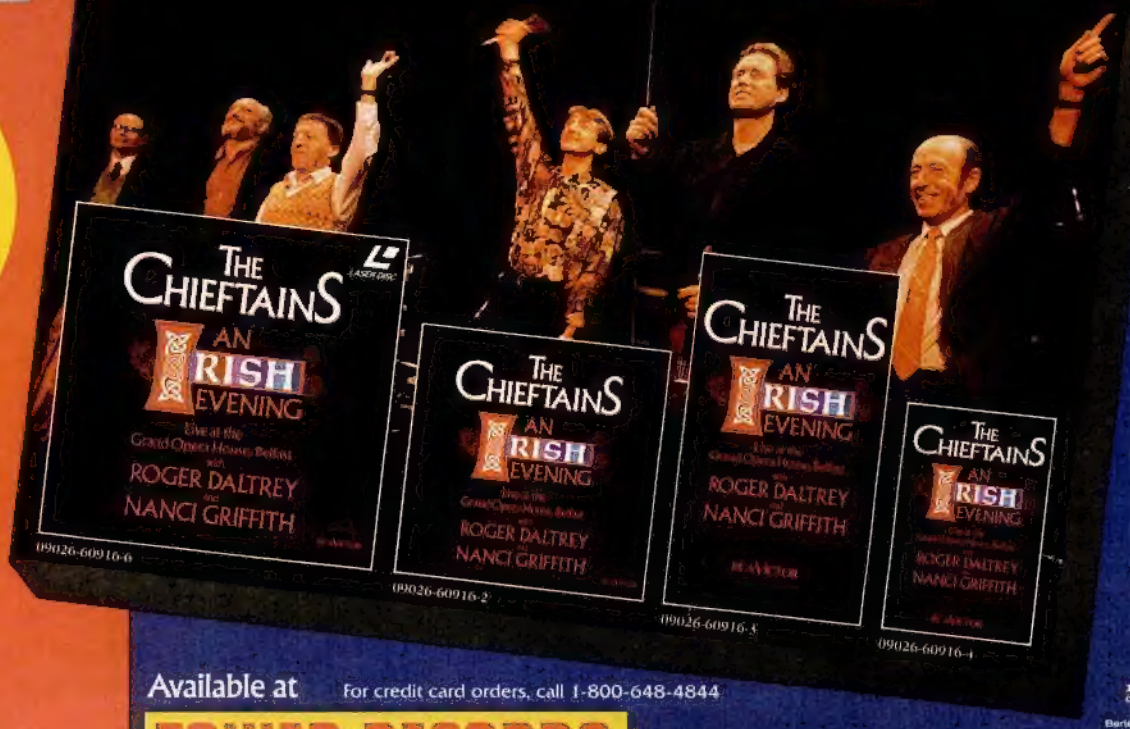

Wolfgang®
COLLECTION

# The follow-up to the smash "Bells of Dublin"

## LIVE
## AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE BELFAST

*Contains the new acoustic version of*
**BEHIND BLUE EYES**

# THE CHIEFTAINS
## AN IRISH EVENING
with
## ROGER DALTREY
and
## NANCI GRIFFITH



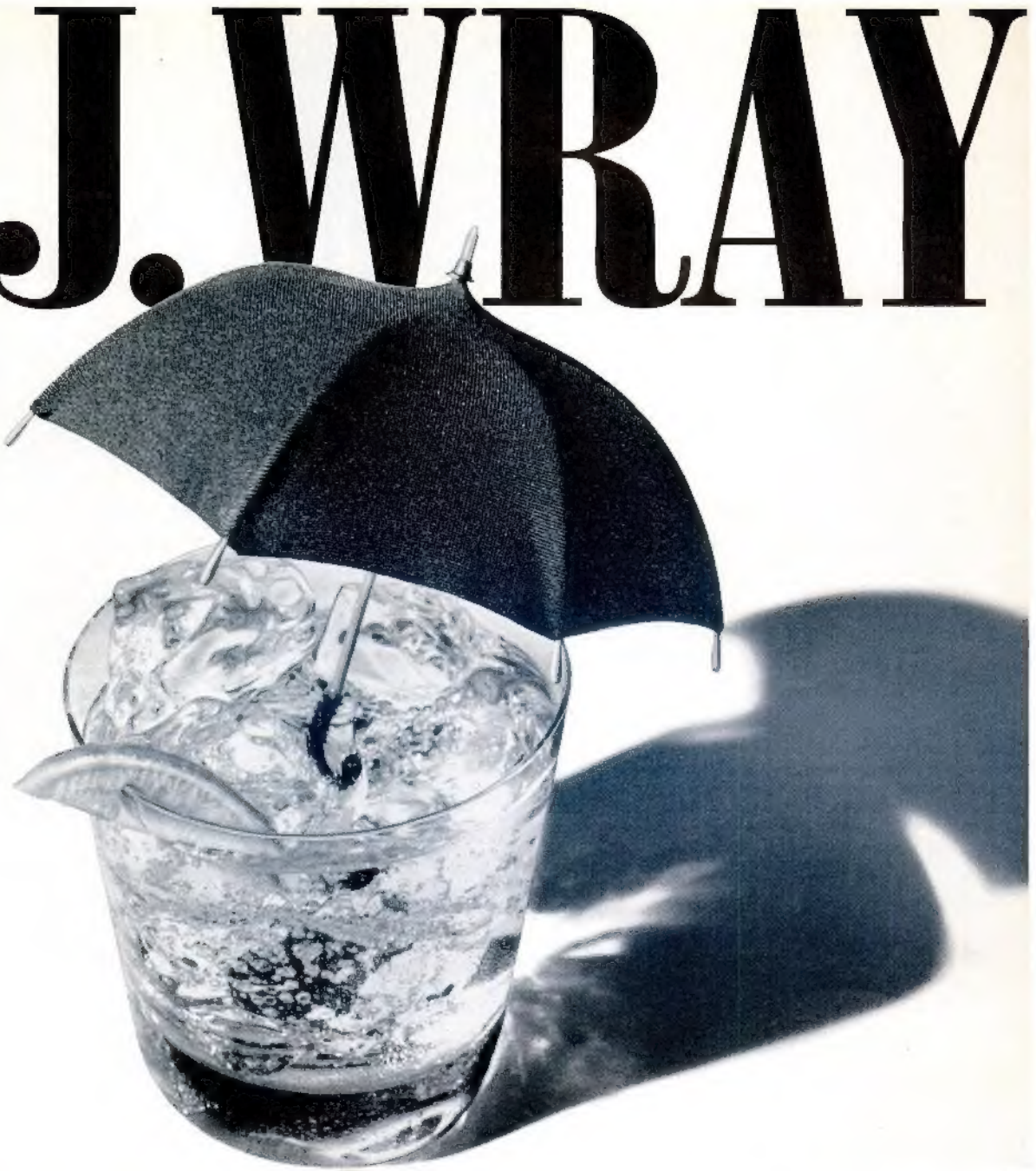

RCA VICTOR

Available at TOWER RECORDS

for credit card orders, call 1-800-648-4844

BMG CLASSICS
A Division of Bertelsmann Music Group
Tmk(s) ® Registered
Marca(s) Registrada(s)
General Electric Company, USA,
except BMG logo ® BMG Music
© 1991, BMG Music

# C.J.WRAY



# DRY RUM

**CLEAN, SMOOTH AND UNMISTAKABLY REFRESHING.**

SPECIALLY SELECTED RUMS FROM RENOWNED JAMAICAN ESTATES. HAND BLENDED TO A SUPERIOR DRY TASTE. IMPORTED BY CARRIAGE HOUSE IMPORTS LTD., SPRINGFIELD, N.J. 40% ALC./VOL. (80 PROOF).

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

# IN

**Nine Inches of Love, page 38**

**Industrial has arrived. With its unhinged rock'n'roll futurism, Trent Reznor's Nine Inch Nails blew away every other act in the Lollapalooza festival, including Jane's Addiction. By Jim Greer.**

**32**

**Soul on Ice, page 32**

**Ice Cube called himself "nigga you love to hate"—who knew how prophetic that was? Cube's *Death Certificate* has managed to offend everyone. But it's too easy to dismiss it as pure hate. By Scott Poulson-Bryant.**

**38**

Volume 7, Number 12 March 1992


**10 Tale Spinners** Contributors.

**12 Topspin**

**14 Point Blank** Letters.

**16 Flash** The Sugarcubes; Matthew Sweet, Disposable Heroes of HipHoprisy; the return of southern rock; Miracle Legion; more.

**43 Industrial Index** *Industrial* has a plethora of meanings. But its many practitioners share more than a moniker—their hearts belongs to Dada. By Karen Woods.

**48 SPIN Fashion: Goodbye Cruel World** River Phoenix, Chrissie Hynde, Kim Gordon, and the Sugarcubes' Björk Gudmundsdottir strike a pose for animal-rightsers PETA.

**50 Mark and Jim's Totally Uncool Guide to Spring Break.** If you need this advice, you deserve its consequences. By Mark Blackwell and Jim Greer.

**52 Campus Survey** What do students really think? SPIN's annual Campus Survey raises questions and eyebrows.

**56 Confessions of a Rush Fan** Blurred-finger fretboard pyrotechnics . . . dizzying time signatures . . . dubious lyrical obsessions. Get thee to a 12-step. By Bob Mack.

**58 College Radio: The End of Innocence** SPIN's guide to selling out. Satire by Kipp Shives.

**60 Little Teddy, Happy at Last** Having remade urban music in his own image, Teddy Riley took on the King of Pop's R&B makeover. By Jonathan Bernstein.

**62 Antihero** Our second annual campus issue took the magazine to the University of South Carolina, where students and editors debated the issues in a public forum.

**67 AIDS: Words From the Front** Teenagers—the risk group no one wants to talk about. By Victoria A. Brownworth.

**68 Moving Images** Benny Medina, the Fresh Prince of Bel Air, and *Saturday Night* Dennis Miller. Plus, coming attractions. By Jonathan Bernstein.

**71 Dreaming America** Michael Jackson and black manhood. By Scott Poulson-Bryant.

**73 Spins** Records.

**86 Back Page** Spring break movie classics revisited. By Jonathan Bernstein.


**Cover and above photograph by Kevin Westenberg**

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

SKIDZ®

AVAILABLE AT
MERRY GO ROUND, UP AGAINST THE WALL,
TOPS AND BOTTOMS PA.

SPIN

**Editor & Publisher:**
**Bob Guccione, Jr.**

Executive Editor: **Michael Pakenham**

Managing Editor: **Mark Woodruff**
Music Editor: **Steven Daly**
Senior Writer: **Celia Farber**
Senior Editors: **Lauren Spencer, Jim Greer**
Associate Editors: **Mark Blackwell, Nathaniel Wice**
Political Correspondent: **Jefferson Morley**
Staff Writer: **Scott Poulson-Bryant** Fashion Editor: **John Olson**
Copy Editor: **Alec Foege** Research Editor: **Staci Bonner**
Research Assistant: **Daniel Fidler** Editorial Assistant: **Mark Evers**
Assistant to the Publisher: **J. Matthew Hanna**

Art Director: **Stephen Webster**
Associate Art Directors: **Roger Greiner, Elizabeth Grubaugh**
Art Assistant: **Shana Sobel**
Production Director: **Paul Brockmann**

Contributing Editors: **Jonathan Bernstein, Jim Bessman, Steven Blush, William S. Burroughs, Dean Christopher, Scott Cohen, Byron Coley, Michael Corcoran, Ralf Dietrich, Chuck Eddy, Gavin Edwards, Danny Fields, Jim Fouratt, Richard Gehr, Robert Gordon, Richard Hell, Bill Holdship, Tama Janowitz, Dean Kuipers, Martin Lee, Nancy Leopardi, Bob Mack, Bönz Malone, Ben Metcalf, Joan Morgan, Glenn O'Brien, Jill Pearlman, Lisa Robinson, Terry Southern, Nick Tosches, Timothy White, Jon Young**

General Manager: **Valerie J. Green**

Advertising Director: **John Rollins**
New York Sales Manager: **Grace Whitney** West Coast Sales Manager: **Anita Rao**
Account Managers: New York: **Peter Naylor, Paula Romano, Harry Taylor/Fashion & Fragrance;** West Coast: **Susan Steel;** Midwest: **Malcolm Campbell, Christopher Schuba & Company;** Detroit: **Dan Fitzgerald**
Classified Advertising Manager: **Fred McIntyre**
Promotion Director: **Andrea Baran** Promotion Art Director: **Holly Holliday**
Publicity Director: **Jill Swid**
Advertising Research Manager: **Rita Malatesta**
Assistant to the General Manager: **Booker John**
Advertising Assistants: **Rose Bleszcz (New York), Kathryn Giacobazzi (West Coast)**

Vice President/Circulation: **Bruce Eldridge**
Director of Circulation Marketing: **Brendan E. Amyot**
Controller: **Halina Feldsott**
Accounts Manager: **Dawn Labriola**
Receptionist Extraordinaire: **Susan DeCapite**

Advertising Offices: **New York**—6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011-4608, tel. (212) 633-8200; fax (212) 633-2668; **West Coast**—11950 San Vicente Blvd., Suite 216, Los Angeles, CA 90049, tel. (310) 820-8183; **Midwest**—22 West Erie Street, Chicago, IL 60610, tel. (312) 482-8099; **Detroit**—2685 Lapeer Road, Suite 100, Auburn Hills, MI 48057, tel. (313) 373-1026.

**SPIN is published by Camouflage Associates**
**Chairman of the Board: Stephen C. Swid**
**President: Bob Guccione, Jr.**
**Vice Chairman and Executive Publisher: David H. Horowitz**

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

QUIKSILVER CLOTHES

# Send it. Read it. Mail it. Post it. Fax it. Save it.

ATTENTION STUDENTS! Any time, any way you want to correspond with anyone, think MCI Mail.®

Out of stamps? Send a letter home instantly. Thinking about Spring Break? Finalize a visit to a friend's school. Getting busy signals at the pizza place? Fax them your order.

MCI Mail lets you do it all—right from your personal computer. It's easy, inexpensive, and turns your PC or Mac into the ultimate messaging machine.

For just a $10 registration fee and $5 a month you can send up to one hundred 7,500-character e-mail messages. That's a lot of talk for less than the cost of sending 20 letters. Plus, MCI Mail lets you select other economical delivery options, like fax, telex, even postal-delivered letters.

Without MCI Mail your computer is just an expensive typewriter. Think about it: Why just word process documents when you can scan information databases, access bulletin boards, get news updates, and communicate with all your friends and family?

So hook up with MCI Mail today. It'll give you something to write home about.

MCI

© MCI International, 1992

Fill out and mail this coupon with a copy of your current student ID to MCI Mail. Questions? Call 1-800-444-MAIL.

Your Name (Please Print)

Street Address (no P.O. Boxes)

City State ZIP

Mother's Maiden Name (security validation)

School You Attend

Year of Graduation Student ID Number

Credit Card: ☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Card Number Expiration Date

Cardholder Signature

Limitations: One registration per student. Offer not valid in conjunction with other MCI Mail promotions or discounts.

Mail to: MCI Mail, Attn: College Mail Plan, Suite 500, 1111 19th Street N.W., Washington, DC 20036

**MCI Mail. Get it.**


# TALE SPINNERS

For this month's cover story examining the mass appeal of industrial music (*page 38*), Senior Editor **Jim Greer** confronts the foreboding front man of Nine Inch Nails, Trent Reznor. "Trent was shorter and sweeter than I expected," Greer reveals. • Los Angeles writer **Karen Woods** backs up Greer's story with an historical overview of the genre (*page 43*). Woods is currently writing a book on industrial music. • In "Soul on Ice" (*page 32*), Staff Writer **Scott Poulson-Bryant** meets with rap's formidable and phenomenally successful Ice Cube. "I wanted to meet the guy who wrote 'The Nigga Ya Love to Hate'—a song that changed my life," Poulson-Bryant says. • Los Angeles photographer **Pamela Springsteen** took the pictures of Cube. • **Ivan Kreilkamp** dodged IRA bombs in London to get the scoop on Iceland's Sugarcubes (*page 16*). Before attending an on-location video shoot, Kreilkamp drank British lager while listening to bizarre tales of Reykjavik, Iceland, the Sugarcubes' hometown. • Contributing Editor **Bob Mack** describes his longtime struggle to outgrow Rush (*page 56*). "I failed miserably," he admits. "Try as I might, I'm still a sucker for them." When not reviving teenage rock idols in the pages of SPIN, Mack works as associate producer at MTV. • In Words From the Front (*page 67*), **Victoria A. Brownworth** explains why adolescents are increasingly prime targets for the HIV virus and what the government isn't doing to change things. • For our fashion story on cruelty-free grooming products (*page 46*), photographer **Peggy Sirota** photographed strict vegetarian River Phoenix in a leopard-skin caveman outfit—fake fur, of course. "I wanted to characterize River as a hero, for his support of animal rights," says Sirota. Also featured in our story are Chrissie Hynde, Kim Gordon, and the Sugarcubes' Björk Gudmundsdottir, photographed, respectively, by the **Douglas Brothers**, **Torkil Gudnason**, and **Mark LaBon**. • University of South Carolina sophomore **Kipp Shives** wrote "College Radio: The End of Innocence" (*page 58*), a satirical how-to guide for turning college radio's golden age into gold. • For this year's campus survey (*page 52*), USC students Dennis Shealey, Amy Barcomb, Monica Costello, and Jill Jauch made sure 4,000 SPIN questionnaires got into the hands of student representatives at colleges across the country, and tabulated the results for our editors.

Pamela Springsteen

Ivan Kreilkamp

Peggy Sirota

**Employees of the Month are the University of South Carolina student editorial team: *Top row, from left*, Dr. Leara Rhodes (faculty coordinator), Angela Morgan, Susan Duncan, Tige Watts; *second row*, Ben Breazeale, Dennis Shealey, Bruce Bower; *bottom row*, Amy Barcomb, Kipp Shives, Monica Costello, and Jill Jauch.**

# OPTIMUS

# LIVE IN CONCERT!℠

**2=1** **Optimus creates a new musical equation:** The all-new SCT-50 combination CD player/auto-reverse cassette deck. Now you can get outstanding CD and cassette performance—plus one-touch CD-to-tape dubbing—in a single component. The 20-memory CD section has 4x oversampling and dual 16-bit D/A converters for exceptional sonic accuracy. The cassette deck has Dolby B™ NR plus Dolby HX Pro, a system that actually records more signal without adding distortion. Bottom line of the equation: The SCT-50 delivers audio quality with the energy and emotion of a live concert. Like all Optimus brand equipment, it's technology that performs for you. Hear it today.

Dolby™ Laboratories Licensing Corp.

Radio Shack®
AMERICA'S TECHNOLOGY STORE℠
A DIVISION OF TANDY CORPORATION

# TOP SPIN

**School Daze: To edit this special campus issue SPIN went to the University of South Carolina, in Columbia. Apparently, it brought back traumatic memories for BOB GUCCIONE, JR.**

I didn't attend college. Nor was I invited to. I failed high school. Against New Jersey's generous minimum requirement of 17 credits, I scored 16¾. To put that in perspective, it would be like setting the qualifying height for the high jump at two feet and tripping over the bar in your attempt to clear it. Fearing that I would return the following year to try to achieve graduation, the vice-principal invoked the special powers of his office and granted me ¼ of a credit for sick leave from gym, mailed my mother a diploma, and bid me good luck in my future and Godspeed in any direction away from his school.

Which I left not without distinction: I had apparently set the state record for truancy for someone still given his (basically) honorable discharge. I also should have been the newly appointed principal's first expulsion—on several occasions. But he could never quite bring himself to do it, and I, like a fool, kept talking him out of it. My mistake was agreeing with him; admitting that, yes, I was a hopeless and incorrigible case who didn't realize how much my teachers cared and tried for me, and just didn't respect the need for consistent attendance, concluding for him that he was perfectly right to excise the cancer that I was from the otherwise unpolluted, dedicated student body that he presided over. I begged forgiveness for having wasted so much of his time and exhausting so much of his patience, and, not wishing to be accountable for the crime of another spent moment of either, I told him I accepted his inevitable decision to expel me. All of which he took to be my heartfelt repentance and reinstated me. The first time was in September, about three weeks after school started. But it did teach me the first and most important lesson of salesmanship: When you've made the sale, stop selling.

My academic career overall never did blaze trails that future generations would look upon, shake their heads, faintly smile and wonder how any one person could have understood so much. Possibly members of my own generation wondered how any one person could understand so little. At 11, in England where I grew up, I was admitted to one of the best grammar schools in London (the English equivalent of junior high and high schools combined), largely, perhaps mostly, on the strength of being able to say the Lord's Prayer backward in Latin, which greatly amused the Catholic headmaster. It was the only time I ever saw him laugh, especially around me, where his frown grew ever improbably deeper, as if he instinctually knew that his one moment of frivolity somehow poisoned his school forever. Out of 92 boys in my all-male Catholic school class I quickly secured my academic rank and finished 92nd.

(Come to think of it, I once made the teacher who ran the school choir lose it the only time anyone ever saw him laugh, too. It was at mandatory choir trial for the new boys, a terror, to our young minds, second only to coming before St. Peter's Review Board after death. Each boy had to sing the note Mr. P. struck on the piano. When it came to me, I, not quite understanding this, tried to copy the *sound* coming from the piano, emitting strange noises the way a dog does when he's howling at something that makes him uncomfortable, while his owners say, "Look, he's singing!" Mr. P. collapsed in a howl of some pretty strange sounds of his own over his keyboard, his until-that-moment gray, long, stone face creased pleasantly. I was not asked to join the choir.)

The 'gamecock' is USC's official mascot. It is often abbreviated.

The way to what I was sure was my inevitable acceptance to Oxford or Cambridge had to pass through Woodwork class. I underestimated Woodwork's complexity. Our first assignment, a broom handle holder, proved to be something of an educational Waterloo to me, derailing my progress. My classmates quickly knocked theirs off, and I wouldn't be surprised if to this day many of them aren't still in service, holding brooms across England and maybe the world. But I struggled with mine for many months without a breakthrough, while my stern and patient teacher insisted that I stick with it, and not move on like the rest of the class, that it would be good for my character to lick this thing. I knew he was right and I buried myself, possibly obsessively, into this work, with the same stubborn dedication as all the great inventors and ground breakers before me. Sometimes I grew discouraged but always, every week, there was my teacher behind me, a slightly trembling hand on my back as I hunched over my wood in its soup of splinters and saw dust, a faint, suffering smile on his thin, patient lips. I would do this broom handle! It was unspoken among us, but we all knew it would happen.

Then one holy and glorious and sunshine filled day—it was late spring by now—I finished it! Almost overcome by emotion I walked up to my teacher at his desk and held it up for him, dangling it like a lifeless fish. He took it gently in his warm hands, carefully bent its moving parts back and forth to see if the desired dynamics of its mechanism in fact worked, which, if you had a crooked broom and intended to hold it with this very item, they did. The teacher called to the class to stop what they were doing—which, in various cases, by this point, was constructing elaborate dining room sets, living room furniture and additions to their parents' homes I think—and, in quavering voice, said to me: "Guccione, this broom-handle holder is so magnificent, that I want you to take this to the top of the Post Office Tower and I want you to throw this off. And don't let go."

I was always a voracious reader and I got my education that and other hard ways. And of course there were a few great teachers during my school years who, mostly out of pity no doubt, took special interest in me and helped me at least stumble in the right direction. Education is learning more than it is being taught. It's the chemistry of curiosity exposed to information. In that sense all of life is potentially school.

And even I can pass that.

JAMIE BIONDO

You always come back to the basics.™

DRINK RESPONSIBLY. IT'S ONE OF THE BASICS. Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof). ©1992 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY.

# POINT BLANK LETTERS

## Na Na Na-Na Na

Dear Sir or Madam:

We are the attorneys for W. Axl Rose.

We are informed that in various issues of your magazine, defamatory statements about our client have been printed by you. Please be advised that our client has instructed us to begin the process of preparing and filing a lawsuit against your magazine for defamation as a result of those defamatory statements that have been printed. Our client fully intends to seek redress for the damages he has suffered.

Nothing contained herein shall be contrued as a waiver by our client of his rights and remedies, and all such rights and remedies are reserved.

Very truly yours,
L. LEE PHILLIPS
MANATT, PHELPS & PHILLIPS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

*Editor's Note: Piss off!*

## Choice Letters

Thank you for your article about the Summer of Mercy in Wichita ["Mixed Emotions," December '91]. It reminded me that I'm late sending my donation to Planned Parenthood.

MICHELLE MATY
FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA

Reading the article about pro-life activists in Wichita made me think I was reading *The Stepford Wives*. These people are so blinded by their fear that they have to be pro-life. They claim pro-choice people are sick and disgusting; what's really sick and disgusting is Reverend Rob Schenk keeping a fetus in a Tupperware container.

NICOLE SMITH
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

When I first saw your article on pro-lifers, I took it as a step toward equal journalistic reporting on your part, and a welcome change from your pro-choice coverage. My thoughts changed after reading the article. If your intent was to make all pro-lifers appear to be one-track-minded religious fanatics, you were successful. I just wanted to let you know that there are normal people, such as myself, who share the view that healthy, unborn children have the right to live.

DAVE ULRICH
SPRINGFIELD, VIRGINIA

## Perrypalooza

I want to thank Perry Farrell for his honesty and openness ["Artist of the Year: Perry Farrell," December '91]. I hate to see Jane's Addiction end, but with other projects in the works and another Lollapalooza in the making, I'm sure that his fans won't be disappointed.

SABRINA STRAUGHAN
AUSTIN, TEXAS

I can't believe SPIN selected Perry Farrell as the Artist of the Year. He is everything we should fight against: pretension, nonintelligence, overindulged hedonism. If we let Perry Farrell speak for us, I think we'd be embarrassed by what our generation had to say.

JAMIE S. RICH
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

## Being a Pepper and Nothingness

I want to be a Pepper, too. I thought it was great to read Bob Mack's article on the Red Hot Chili Peppers ["Higher Ground," December '91]. It was nice to see what those Chili Pepper boys have been up to. In the last five years I've seen them from Tijuana to San Francisco. Of all the bands I've seen, I can say the Peppers rock the most.

ST. JAMES PELL
MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

## One Step Forward

Hundreds of your readers have written to me asking for more information about my work with the Guatemalan street children after the article appeared in the Amnesty International issue ["They Shoot Children, Don't They?" November '91].

As a result of letters to the Guatemalan government from SPIN readers and members of Amnesty International, Covenant House Guatemala has just signed an unprecedented agreement with the Guatemalan government giving us 24-hour-a-day access into all government centers where they are holding children.

Please though, keep those letters coming. Since the article was published, several more street children have been tortured. José Efraín (16 years old) was recently kidnapped by four men who were recognized as members of the Narcotics Section of the Guatemalan Police; they tortured him with cigarette burns and then jumped on his left leg until it broke. Please write to: President Serrano, Palacio Nacional, Guatemala, Guatemala.

BRUCE HARRIS
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, LATIN AMERICAN PROGRAMS
CASA ALIANZA
MEXICO CITY, MEXICO

**Address letters to: Point Blank, SPIN, 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011. Include your name and daytime phone number for verification. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.**

# CRUELTY FREE

© 1991 JOHN PAUL MITCHELL SYSTEMS

EDITED BY MARK BLACKWELL

# iceland's most wanted

**The Sugarcubes, everyone's favorite Icelandic export, return with a disc full of quirkily lanciful grooves.**

"We were just being ourselves, but they were portraying us as little elfin pixies," Sugarcubes drummer Siggi Baldursson complains of the media hype that catapulted the band's 1988 debut, *Life's Too Good*, far from its point of origin in Reykjavík, Iceland. We're relaxing in the Victorian sitting room of the band's London hotel, sipping drinks served by a bartender who it turns out used to be in the seminal new wave act Wall of Voodoo.

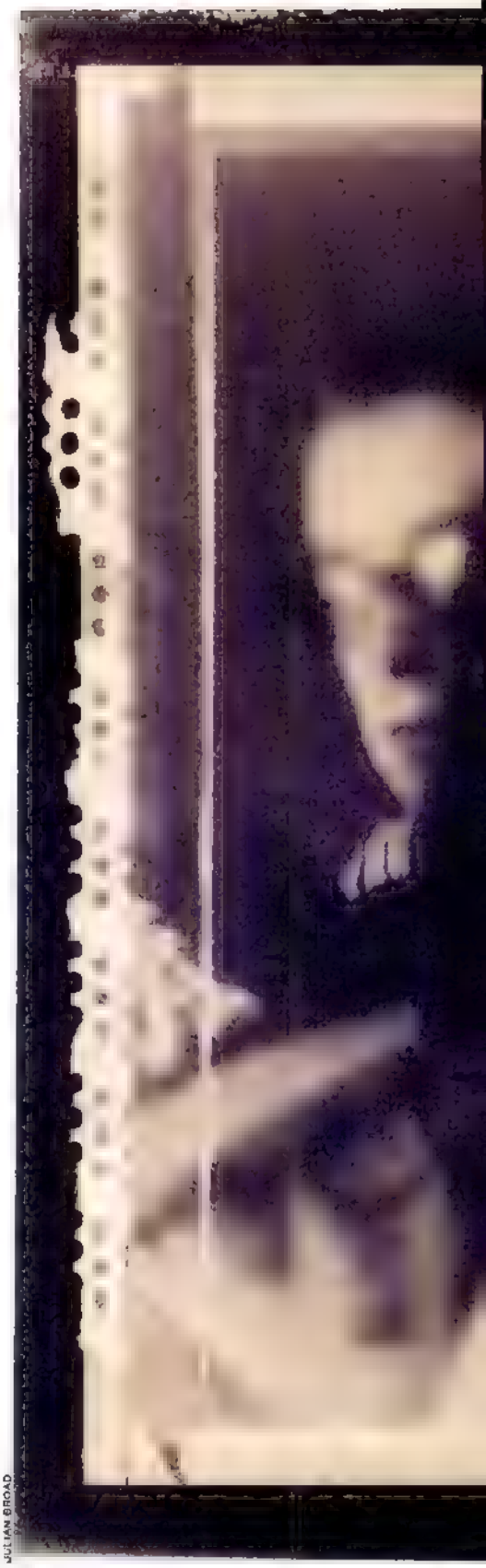
Guitarist Thor Eldon isn't much interested in discussing music, so we chat about his small publishing house in Iceland and the difficulty of translating his poetry into other languages. Einar Örn Benediktson, the band's volatile font of philosophical rantings and invented words (he describes his method of singing as "rhetting," from *rhetoric*), talks about his book of memoirs called *Shitheap*. "Everyone is a shitheap," he states confidently. "I'm working to become perfect, but I'm still a shit heap." Front woman Björk Gudmundsdottir (whom it's difficult not to describe as elfin) eventually trips in, apologizing for missing the beginning of the interview: She was getting a pair of boots repaired. "Heavy boots for Iceland."

The Sugarcubes are friendly but hardly eager to please. A few years after becoming international pop exotics of choice, they're not about to jump through anyone's hoops, including those of this magazine (which Benediktson insists on calling *Spleen*). But while the band is jaded about the pop media machine, the music on their new album *Stick Around for Joy* isn't cynical. After 1989's *Here Today, Tomorrow Next Week!* they occupied themselves in ways other than being the Sugarcubes (raising kids, publishing books, playing in a joke goth-metal band called the Human Seeds), but they have returned to their Cube roles with renewed energy. In "Lucky Night," Gudmundsdottir radiates joie de vivre as she enumerates all the different things she likes to do at the same time, punctuating the list with her trademark vocal swoops, sighs, and gasps: "To drive a car and listen to music; to read a book and ride a train; to read a letter and fall in love."

Later at the video shoot for "Hit," the optimistically titled single with a tough danceable groove that's miles from their shivery, low-key 1987 breakthrough single, "Birthday," the band members cheerfully endure the indignity of being made up as dolls. Benediktson, quite fetching in feathered pink slippers and a blue face, remarks, "It's okay; for the last video I had to sing in a basin filled with soap and beer." Baldursson ventures out to a local mall in full costume to scare shoppers and look for the new Shonen Knife record. Gudmundsdottir mentions an ancient Icelandic law prohibiting costumed people from walking the streets without a license, and keyboardist Magga Örlófsdottir notes that her aunt was arrested on this charge as a teenager for wearing hippie regalia. Iceland sounds like a strange place.

But Gudmundsdottir is preoccupied with matters more important than costumes: She hasn't been able to find a toy she promised her kid she'd buy in London. She pensively munches a piece of mince pie "I'm in deep shit." Moments later she's in front of the camera surrounded by other toys—notably, a spastically twitching crab—mouthing the lyrics to "Hit." She's still the girl-woman she always was, not ready to grow up, especially if it means having to do only one thing at a time.

IAN KREIKAMP



JULIAN BROAD

Ice Ice Babes, *from left:* Thor, Siggi, Bjork, Bragi, Magga, and Einar.

When you're old, and tired, and suspicious,

And plagued with doubt, you'll still hear the world calling to you.

You'll wish with all your heart you'd taken the time to listen to it.

And you'll be filled with regret.

not.
GE OUT IN THE REAL WORLD. SHOWN
O FIND OUT MORE, CALL 1-800-255-8ACG.
NIKE
ACG

**This month's Staff Selections are courtesy of the students of the University of South Carolina, plus a special bonus one from our publisher.**

**Dead Can Dance** *A Passage in Time* (Rykodisc) Haunting melodies and ethereal voices combine to produce this sound reminiscent of medieval court music. Dead Can Dance has a finely crafted orchestral approach that you won't hear on your local Top 40 station. It'll add something different to even the most diverse listening repertoire. (Jill E. Jauch)

**The Church** *Priest = Aura* (Arista). The Church sounds just like the Church here: sparse, textural guitars and sultry lullaby vocals, with just enough drums and thumping bass for minimal rhythm. Here, the band craftily disguises atmosphere as songs better than ever, putting elements of its signature style into sounds that caress the senses. (Dennis Shealy)

**Paleface** *Paleface* (Polydor). This 24-year-old NYU dropout is the darling of New York's acoustic guitar–totin' Lower East Side antifolk scene. Produced by his Shimmy-Disc buddy Kramer, these 16 tracks hold true to Paleface's live shows—hard-hitting and in your face, reminiscent of the glorious days of punk. (Kipp Shives)

HEAVY ROTATION

STAFF SELECTIONS

**Think Tree** *Like the Idea* (Caroline). Boston's Think Tree is industrial, it's funky, and it hints at something harder it also has shades of sheer silliness, with tidbits of commercials and random ditties interspersed throughout the album, and songs such as "Porcupine Coat" in which people "dress to quill." A regular electronic variety show. (Amy Barcomb)

**Firehose** *The Live Totempole EP* (Columbia). This five EP of cover songs clearly captures the sweating, screaming, angst-ridden intensity of a Firehose show. The trio delivers a unique brand of melodic punk-core with quirky bass lines permeating straightforward kick-you-in-the-ass guitar. It's sure to make anyone smile and will have college radio begging for more. (Jana Mong)

**Monty Python** *Monty Python Sings* (Virgin). Comedy and song collide on this collection of classic Python tunes Musical spoofs from the big screen and telly heyday of the comedy troupe include "Lumberjack Song," "Never Be Rude to an Arab," and "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life." A must for any Monty Python fan. (Monica Costello)

**Michael Jackson** *Dangerous* (Epic). Crap. (Guccione)

Rono Tse *(left)* and Michael Franti.

**Michael Franti is perched on the rooftop of partner Rono Tse's East Oakland studio-workshop, expounding the philosophy behind the name of their new band.**

**Disposable Heroes: "If you're a young black person, you only have a couple of different role models: athletes and entertainers. You see these people used by the corporate system to make money and then thrown onto the scrap heap. So not only do they not make money themselves, but they also end up being a trivial example of success for young people."**

**Of Hiphoprisy: "It's the hypocrisy of being political artists within the music industry, artists of conscience within an industry that has no political consciousness. Inevitably, contradictions arise—not everyone has the intestinal fortitude to always stay true to their beliefs, including myself. That's something we wanted to examine."**

**Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy were formerly half of the Beatnigs, the noisy Alternative Tentacles polemecists whose chief claim to fame was that they rehearsed at an abandoned shipyard. Furniture maker Tse still improvises much of his equipment, but DHH welds his rough-hewn textures to inventive hip hop tracks in what the two laughingly call an attempt to sell out. ("Or buy in," quips Tse.) "What'll we do to become famous and dandy—just like Amos 'n' Andy?" Franti asks sardonically on Hiphoprisy's debut album. At six-and-a-half feet, this former USF basketball player comes on like Gil Scott-Heron in the body of Kevin Johnson, loosing off terse tirades in his sonorous baritone.**

HEROES ON A ROLL

**Though Franti's unfussy rhymes are high on message, they're rarely high-handed, since he's painfully aware of the ambiguities inherent in his own situation. "I have a song called 'Music and Politics,' which is kind of a confession regarding personal relationships," says the front man. "It's very easy to sit and talk about South Africa or George Bush, but it's a lot more difficult to concentrate on what's happening to your kid and your family, which is where you'll really have an effect. I think a lot of people, particularly on the left, spend a lot more time dealing with the external political issues than the internal ones."**

**Despite Rono Tse's continued propensity for tool use, and the coproduction presence of Consolidated's Mark Pistel, Franti is quick to shun the tag *industrial*. "Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy's music isn't industrial," he insists. "It's industrious. It's not like we're just doing some nihilistic examination of, like, the decline of Western society. We're just trying to take junk culture and recycle it, make it into something that's music."**

STEVEN DALY



JAY BLAKESBERG

You're no longer stuck on earth. You soar past trees. Glide over hills. Bank through turns. Slip into a pair of Rollerblade® skates. And let yourself go.
PEOPLE DREAM THEY CAN FLY.
BIRDS DREAM THEY CAN SKATE.
Rollerblade.

# DEAR ELVIS,

**Who was Henry George?**
**Buddy Klemer**
**Raleigh, North Carolina**

Well, son, Henry George was a social reformer who lived way back there from 1839 to 1897. Author of *Progress and Poverty*, George was real committed to a land tax program, also known as the single tax, as a panacea for economic inequality. His antimonopoly theories made him a voice of the people as social unrest grew in the 1880s. In 1886, he ran as a United Labor party candidate for mayor of New York, and even though he beat out Republican Theodore Roosevelt, he went and lost real close to Democrat Abram S. Hewitt. George's ideas met with rejection from them other economists back then, but he still was a real good man.

Too legit,
Elvis

PS. I hope I answered your question good, but listen. This here column is meant for question askin', but it sure as hell ain't no place to get the answers for your homework. I'm happy to oblige, but I know damn well that a real good dictionary woulda done just fine in this case.

# HOW SWEET IT IS

Pop craftsman Matthew Sweet

**With his third solo release, *Girlfriend*, Matthew Sweet is giving American music something that it has been known to lack: honesty. Not since Big Star have we heard songs so lyrically fragile (to the point of embarrassment) that are also so sharp, lean, and powerful musically.**

**"I wanted to make a record that people could listen to in personal terms," Sweet says. "It comes out of my life to a *point*, but it offers the listeners a chance to interject themselves, because these are experiences we all share." Indeed. Anyone who has ever been in love to the point of obsession will feel that songs like "Looking at the Sun" and "Your Sweet Voice" were written just for them.**

**Sweet has had much to write about recently, having been through many ups and downs. The downs included the dissolution of his marriage, a flood in his New Jersey home that destroyed most of his possessions, and a year wait to see if *Girlfriend*, which features guest musicians Richard Lloyd, Lloyd Cole, and Robert Quine, among others, would even get released. "I seriously thought about going back to school and doing something else with my life," Sweet muses.**

**The late poet Ted Berrigan once used the words "marvelous, feminine, and tough," to describe himself, and these could just as well be used by Sweet to elucidate his own craft as a songwriter. "I don't call it craft," Sweet says. "That would be lying. I just write the songs and hopefully they're honest enough from the outset not to even need crafting."**

THOM JUREK

## RADIO GRAFFITI

## the ladies of r&b

This month'z dedicated to tha lovely ladies that I've been living with for the past few weeks. I was expectin' tha usual: jus' a kiss or a dis. Yet instead I found a place inside myself I never knew existed. Shirley told me, "We should be together anywhere, everywhere." Phyllis said, "Meet me on the moon," & Vesta thinks I'm "special." Together we've shared hopes, dreamz, 'n' soul-searching emotions. Shirley's last name is Murdock and her entire album *Let There Be Love* surpasses any group I know. It helps you appreciate tha importance of love over sex! Yeah, you heard me! This is a big deal, 'cause I guess deep down Valentine Lane, that's all I ever wanted. Don't sleep on this: It'z a must-have!

Shirley Murdock

Vesta Williams

Phyllis Hyman

Now yoo know Phyllis, or Ms. Hyman, as I like to call her, is bad, an' she's got sum tales of woe. Let's see how tuff you macho jocks really are with these tear-jerkers. "Meet me on the moon" is what she told me an' suddenly I was there! Drifting on memory bliss through time and space. She'll open your heart to tha one you cherish. *Prime of My Life* is a damn good album. G, you play "I Found Love" at a jam and don't let a tear drop—yooz a sucker. Well, do you still feel tuff, or should I pass the Kleenex?

Lastly Vesta. What can I say that Ms. Williams's album, *Special*, doesn't already! I strongly suggest that you get to know these ladies, respect them, and love their art. I'm tha first to admit that I've never cried like this, and you know I ain't no sucka! If a stone like Malone can break into streams then I guess it really is true—no one'z untouchable! I'm out!!

BÖNZ MALONE

TOP: MICHAEL LAVINE

*Welcome to the state of relaxation. Enjoy your stay.*

*Christian Brothers Brandy.*

# the south's gonna do it again

## Southern rock makes a comeback? Hell, yeah!

Like it or not, southern rock is back with a vengeance. Two decades after ex–Otis Redding manager Phil Walden started Capricorn Records in his hometown of Macon, Georgia, the trademark sound and some of its biggest stars are once again forces to be reckoned with. At its outset, the style, embodied primarily in the country-tinged, blues-based rock of groups such as Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Allman Brothers Band, was simple, gritty, and honest. But by the time the music industry got its fangs into it, churning out the late-'70s likes of Molly Hatchet, Grinderswitch, and .38 Special, the unique regional sound was reduced to formulaic hooks replete with feigned, watered-down redneck-isms.

Sped by the needle, spoon, wheel, and wing that took the lives of some of the music's innovators (including Duane Allman, Ronnie Van Zant, and Barry Oakley), southern rock crashed and burned. Some say the genre died the day Gregg Allman started dating Cher, but surely as flash and glitz became the metallic order of the day in the '80s, Skynyrd's "Sweet Home Alabama" and the Allman Brothers' *Eat a Peach* were suddenly dismissed as little more than high school bong-hit-induced memories. You could rarely go to a concert without someone screaming "Freebird!" but you knew they were only kidding.

These days, however, folks are owning up to their stripped-down, down-home influences, and country-f(r)ied rock is back in vogue. Perhaps the impending '90s depression is causing a return to white trash sensibilities (witness the success of no-frills trailer-park refugees Nirvana), as the past year has seen the return of a resurgent Skynyrd and Allman, the multiplatinum success of country-rock hybrids Kentucky Headhunters, and even Gregg Allman on the big screen in the deep south drug flick *Rush*. Ex-punkers such as Junkyard and the Four Horsemen have even attempted to cash in on the rootsy act, only to come off as soulless electrified L.A. versions of Wet Willie instead. Others like Raging Slab have managed to appropriate the sound and attitude with a little more success.

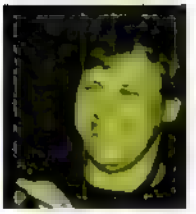
Appalachia quintet Copperhead is the truest example of new-breed southern rock purity in motion, featuring Van Zant–esque vocalisms blended with a modern-day hard rock onslaught. In the band's home base of Lake James, North Carolina, on large doses of local moonshine, we spoke to vocalist Neil Carswell about his place in the southern rock resurrection. "We just write about what we know," drawled the singer. "We're proud of our heritage, and believe in everything that's in our songs. If music isn't honest, then there's really no point to it. Why try to be something that you're not? That seems pretty foolish."

Not excited about an honest-to-goodness southern rock revival? That's damn fine. A southern man don't need you around, anyhow.

STEVEN BLUSH AND CARLO MCCORMICK

Sweet Home Carolina. Copperhead, *from left*: Eric Suttlemyre, Brad Durden, Neil Carswell, Jon Byrd, and Tony Hawkins.

# I WANT YOUR SAX



"I was pretty nervous," admits 20-year-old saxophone virtuoso Chris Potter of recording the album *Red Alert* with trumpet great Red Rodney. "I'm extremely appreciative of him." A native of Columbia, South Carolina, Potter is making waves all over the jazz world after having joined Rodney's quintet when he moved to New York City two years ago. Rodney had traveled to Columbia for its famous Main Street Jazz Festival when promoter Johnny Helms told him he should hear this local kid, Potter. Rodney was overwhelmed. "His playing is sensational," says the jazz legend. "His abilities are profound. I said, 'When you get to New York give me a call.' Now everywhere I take him he breaks up the audience." Potter is currently studying at the Manhattan School of Music, yearning for a solo career. "I'm taking it one step at a time," he says. "There's no big rush. I want to be a leader, have the freedom to play music that I like, and have enough experience to do it all well."

BRUCE BOWEN

# "In the Armed Forces, I earned a lot more than stripes..."

**I also earned tuition assistance with the Montgomery GI Bill.**

The GI Bill made higher education a reality for me. And it can for you too. By serving full-time in the Armed Forces, or part-time in the National Guard or Selected Reserves, you'll earn thousands of dollars in tuition assistance to help you get an education at an approved college, vocational or technical school.

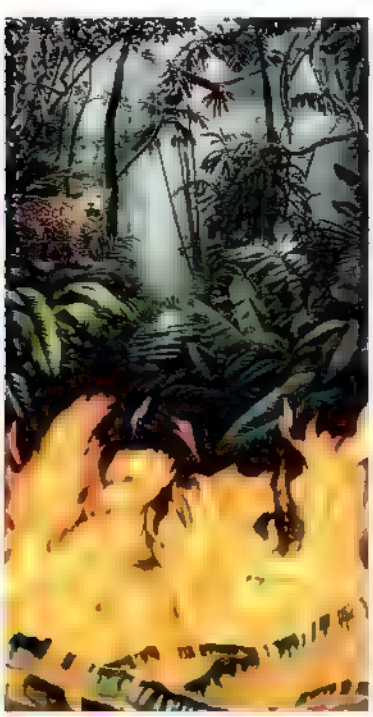
But that's just part of the education, because in the Armed Forces you'll receive the kinds of skills, training and on-the-job experience that pay off, today and tomorrow. So if you're interested in the Montgomery GI Bill, call your local Armed Forces recruiter today.

## U.S. ARMED FORCES

# SPIN PATROL

**Nirvana Jr.?:** The L.A.–based band Nirvana (the one you've never heard of) is suing Geffen over trademark infringements regarding everyone's favorite Seattle-based band of the same name. The high and mighty L.A. group also organized a Rock for Life benefit to counteract Nirvana's participation in the Rock for Choice show in Hollywood • **Silly Potty:** Biz Markie's "Toilet Stool Rap" video, in which the rapper is seen squatting on a toilet "waiting for my bowels to move," has been banned from MTV and other video shows despite the big BM's insistence that the song deals with "a natural part of everyone's life." • **There's Always Hope:** New Orleans resident Sally Fox has waged a three-year letter-writing campaign to national media and various government officials, warning that 89-year-old comedian Bob Hope is "violently insane" and is projecting himself into the thoughts of other Americans. Fox claims that ten years ago she began to see Hope's face whenever she closed her eyes, and that the FBI has informed her it receives "800 to 900 complaints a day from people saying the same thing." • **Where No Man Has Gone Before:** There exists a fan club of thousands of men and women who write and exchange pornography centered around the male characters in *Star Trek*, primarily concerning a homosexual relationship between Kirk and Spock. Members of the group have also made videos that compile excerpts of the two men looking longingly at each other, with romantic music dubbed over the dialogue. • **Beat Little Horshack in Delaware:** Ron Palillo, the guy who from 1975 to 1979 played sweathog Arnold Horshack on TV's *Welcome Back, Kotter*, is now playing Mozart in a Wilmington, Delaware, stage production of *Amadeus*. • **No Stones Left Unturned:** The Rolling Stones have signed to Virgin, promising three new albums after 1993. Meanwhile bassist Bill Wyman has won an apology and a sum to be donated to charity in a lawsuit against London's *Daily Mail*, which claimed, apparently inaccurately, that the bassist wanted a million pounds to leave the group, and that he'd take out injunctions if the other guys wouldn't pay him and let him go. • **In the Studio:** Indigo Girls, Soul Asylum, Ultra Vivid Scene, Kinghorse, and Bobby Brown. • **On the Road:** Firehose, Poi Dog Pondering, Nirvana with Hole, Ozzy Osbourne, and Prong.

**Flaming Maggots: The video for the Nymphs' "Sad and Damned" features singer Inger Lorre minding a mouthful of maggots. For real? Yep, the lovely larvae are legitimate, Fed Ex-ed to the L.A. shoot from a biomedical testing lab in New York. Gross? Not according to Lorre: "I've had worse things in my mouth," the singer recently explained.**



**Have You Ever Seen the Rain Forests?: Proceeds from *Right as Rain*, a compilation featuring Jerry Garcia and Mickey Hart of the Grateful Dead, Animal Logic, Paul Winter, and Beausoleil, among others, are going to the Rainforest Action Network, an organization set up to preserve the endangered rain forests of the world. A hundred acres of rain forests are currently being destroyed every minute, and, at this rate, they will be totally gone by the year 2000. To order, send $5.99 plus $3.00 S.H to Box 3080, Peterborough, NH 03458, or call 1-800-234-8458.**

## Amnesty Corner

In our issue guest-edited by Amnesty International's Jack Healey, SPIN pledged to work for the release of six prisoners of conscience. Each month we update you on the status of these victims of tyranny, injustice, and possibly torture, and we ask you to write letters of support for one (or more) of your choice—in effect adopting your own prisoner of conscience—or to contact Amnesty International, U S.A. (322 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10001; 1-800-55-AMNESTY) to find out how you can help. Protest works. Lots of protest works better, faster.

There is no further news since last month, when Amnesty received information that poet Nguyen Chi Thien had been released from prison in Vietnam. Details are still pending. In the meantime, please support our efforts to free the remaining five prisoners by writing to the head of state listed below the name of each prisoner. Every letter counts.

*José Ramón García*
Lic. Carlos Salinas de Gortari, President de la Republica; Palacio Nacional; 06067 Mexico DF, Mexico

*Riad al-Turk*
President Hafez al-Assad, Presidential Palace, Damascus, Syrian Arab Republic

*Orton Chirwa and Vera Chirwa*
H.E. the Life President; Ngwazi Dr. Kamuzu Banda; Life President of the Republic of Malawi; Office of the President and Cabinet, Private Bag 388, Lilongwe 3, Malawi

*Aung San Suu Kyi*
General Saw Maung, Chairman, State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC), c/o Ministry of Defense, Signal Pagoda Road, Yangon, Union of Myanmar (Burma)

Loud and proud. Eye & I, *clockwise from top*: DK Dyson, Melvin Gibbs, Jason Kibler, Richie Harrison, and Gary Poulson.

# SEEING IS BELIEVING

Virgins to the sound of Eye & I rarely know what to expect when powerhouse vocalist DK Dyson, a racially ambiguous diva adorned in not-so-traditional rock'n'roll gear, takes the stage. "What am I?" she'll croon teasingly for those mundane enough to ask. "Today I'm blue. Blue Puerto Rican? Blue-black? Blue Jew? Just blue. . . . I can be rust tomorrow."

Equally eclectic is the four-man band. Bassist Melvin Gibbs was raised in the harmolodic and punk-funk schools of jazz, Gary Poulson is an ex-trash inspector turned slamming guitarist, Richie Harrison is a vintage B-boy funky drummer from da Bronx, and DJ Logic Selector (a.k.a. Jason Kibler) is a recent high school graduate who kicks hip hop flavor from the wheels of steel. "It's difficult to look at us and make predictions about what sound you're going to get," says Gibbs.

Everything and then some is what you'll get on the group's self-titled debut. Be prepared to plunge to the depths of rock'n'roll when D.K. lets loose raw, fiery, vocal prowess on "World Without End" and the wicked rendition of "Venus in Furs." Then end up in the throes of first love on the bluesy, country-westernish "Virgin Heart," while "I Ain't Low" and "Down to Zero" convey all that's sweet about suburbia and mall culture.

Such iconoclastic flirtation may seem risky in our color-coded society, but as founding members of the Black Rock Coalition, Gibbs and D.K. have long been dedicated to knocking assumptions about black culture straight out the box. "I hate categories," says Gibbs. " 'Black' is culturally a source of power, but it's still a category, and categories have restrictions. Ultimately what we're all about is love. And that has no color."

**JOAN MORGAN**

## miracle in elm city

**Miracle Legion and I are natural enemies. "We're like oil and water," lead singer Mark Mulcahy reminds me one afternoon in New Haven, Connecticut's seedy Anchor Restaurant. "We're townies."**

**"And you're a gownie," adds guitarist Mr. Ray Neal.**

**See, relations between those who reside in New Haven, which includes this founding half of Miracle Legion, and the Yale students who bound through there, which at one time included me, are sometimes rather strained, often nonexistent. After almost a decade of playing around New Haven, putting four releases under its belt, Miracle Legion has played on the university's campus only two times. The band's bio includes a disclaimer: "We came from a town called . . . New Haven—where we didn't go to Yale." This isn't out of malice, but simply to clarify things, since the first image that comes to mind when you mention the Elm City is often its Ivy towers.**

**New Haven has never been famous for much musically. Jim Morrison got arrested there, Michael Bolton is a native, and the Carpenters lived nearby. But somehow Miracle Legion has managed to survive, making changes along the way, but still existing. Its new album, *Drenched*, is thick and lush and acoustically beautiful with evocative, bright lyrics that will spin your mind and tug at your heart. I won't bring R.E.M. into this, because lifting musical points of comparison gets tiresome. It's sometimes hard to describe music without sounding silly, and Neal laughingly tries to recount a preview of *Drenched* that he read in an industry catalog:**

**"They said it was—"**

**"Candid tales of—?" guesses Mulcahy.**

**"Yeah . . . passion, lust, and, you know—"**

**"Shoes."**

*From left:* Mark Mulcahy, Dave McCaffrey, Mr. Ray Neal, and Spot.

**"Religious fervor or something. Another weird thing is that they said the press will be 'accompanied by provocative photographs of the band.' "**

**"Woo. I can't wait."**

**Bassist Dave McCaffrey and drummer Spot arrive, and the four begin discussing the Queen covers they're planning for their *New Haven Advocate*–organized show the next night. The local newspaper has just declared Miracle Legion the best local band. And, despite our differences, I'd say it's about damn time.**

**MARK BLACKWELL**

TOP: STEPHEN GAR; BOTTOM: MICHAEL ACKERMAN

# THE COLD ROCK STUFF

## THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE THINGS

### Charity "Intercourse"

In the sweaty bowels of a boardinghouse basement was born a rock'n'roll band of which the world has yet to hear the last. Charity Fuck, also known as Charity Intercourse on FCC-monitored college radio, was formed by restless SPIN staffers in mere hours for a single gig at a Carolina keg party, yet due to overwhelming fanatic response it will surely rise again. Smells like post-teen spirit.

### Hard Drivin'

When the bands at Rockafella's got boring, there was always the Hard Drivin' video game to liven things up. Delight in the instant replay of your car smashing headfirst into a truck or plummeting from the most excellent stunt loop. Even the steering wheel shakes when you lose control of this bad boy of driving games. Later, on the road home from the bar, you'll find yourself weaving over the yellow line and taking the turns just a little too fast.

### WUSC

To the left of every Columbian's radio dial is WUSC, 90.5 FM, a blessing among the rather dismal airwaves of South Carolina. Staffed by students and faculty, WUSC strives to uphold the virtues of free-form, noncommercial, progressive, alternative radio, spinning tunes from John Lee Hooker to the Pixies to Minor Threat.

### Fresh Air

A lot of you SPIN readers know about this one already, but living in New York we'd all forgotten about it. Hop off the plane in South Carolina and your lungs are rewarded with fresh air—nice and clean. Fortunately, we split when we did, because days after we left there was a nuclear accident that released radioactive steam into the air not far away in Seneca, South Carolina. We prefer breathing Manhattan's sewage, rotting trash, and exhaust fumes to getting nuked.

• Compiled by Amy Barsomb, Mark Blackwell, Kipp Shives, and Nathaniel Wice •

Brian McCarter, *left*, lead singer of Blightobody.

### Rockafella's

The megacoolest rock'n'roll joint in Columbia (not to mention the *only* one), Rockafella's provided us with endless nights of live entertainment, courtesy of hospitable club owner Art Boerke. Spending our nights checking out cool local bands, such as Spigot, Blightobody, and Hootie and the Blowfish, took the edge off the long grueling days of working on this issue.

### Mini Bottles

Wait a second! Are we on an airplane? No, so why does all the liquor come in those cute little bottles? When South Carolina's Alcoholic Beverage Control Commission was questioned about the reason for this, it had a very good answer: "Because it's the law."

TOP LEFT: TONY YOUNG; BOTTOM LEFT: LEONARD SEWALL; RIGHT: JAMIE BIONDO

# Z. CAVARICCI

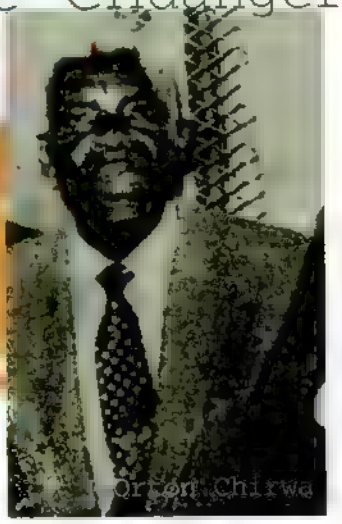
PROFILES PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE

## individuals

## lives are endangered

Vera Chirwa and her husband Orton are serving life sentences for treason in Malawi. Amnesty International believes they are imprisoned solely because of their political beliefs. Orton Chirwa served as Minister of Justice in Malawi's first independent government. Following political differences with President Banda, the Chirwas fled into exile.

Vera Chirwa



Orton Chirwa

The Chirwas were arrested in December 1981. Authorities claim they had entered the country to overthrow the government. The Chirwas maintain they were kidnapped in Zambia, and forcibly returned to Malawi. Please request their immediate and unconditional release.

## free prisoners of conscience, ensure fair trials

Write to: Life-President

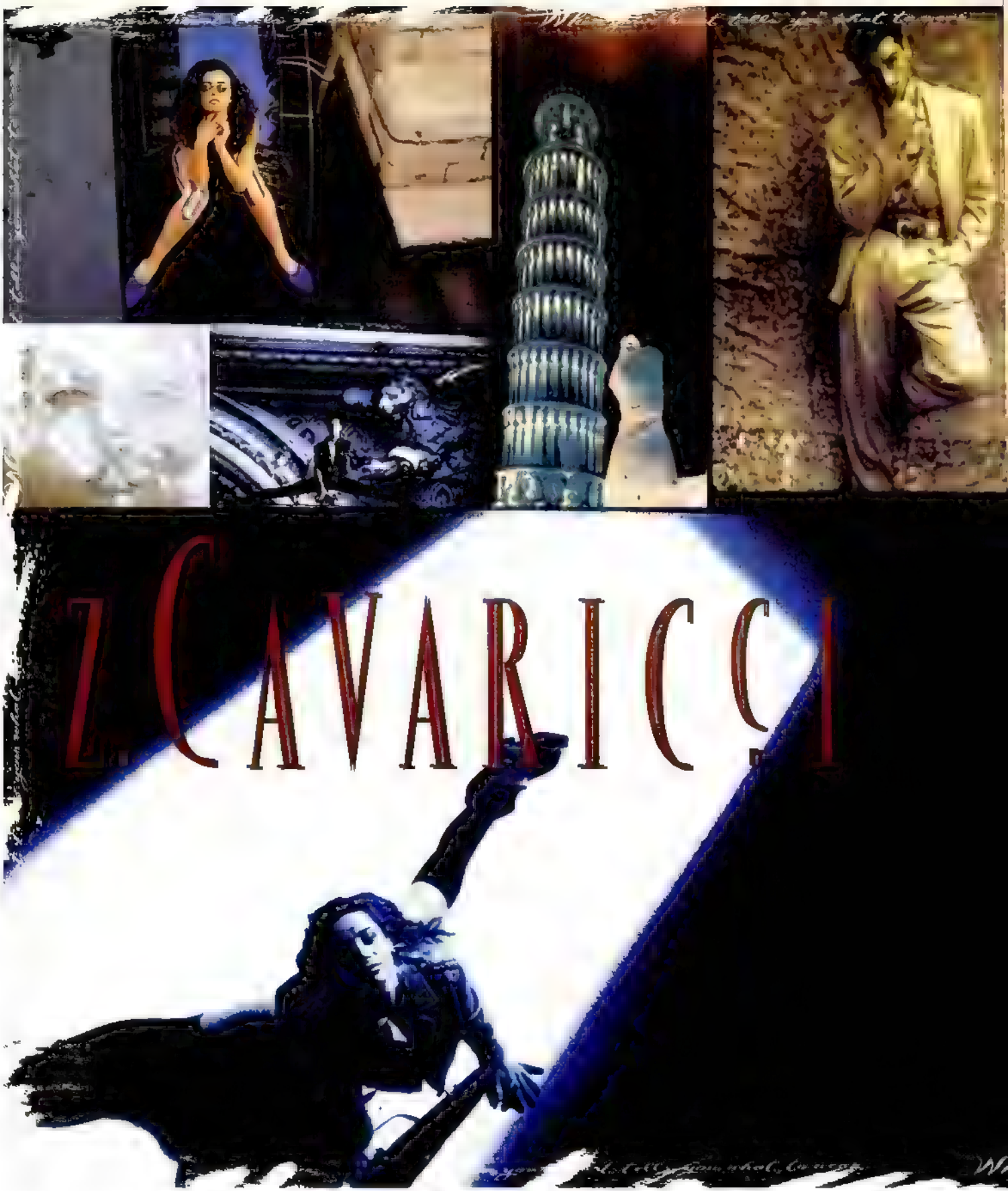
Ngwazi Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda

Office of the President

and Cabinet P/Bag 388

Lilongwe 3, MALAWI

Write to Amnesty International:
322 Eighth Avenue - New York, New York 10001-4808.


ZCAVARICCI

When your heart tells you what to wear
Spring
Your heart tells you where to go
BLOOMINGDALE'S
BERGDORF GOODMAN
DKNY
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
BLOOMINGDALE'S

Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim

# SOUL ON ICE

*For the horrors of the American Negro's life there has been almost no language.*
—*James Baldwin,* The Fire Next Time

*Fuck all y'all.*
—*Ice Cube,* AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted

**When Ice Cube's *Death Certificate* crashed into the charts and minds of America, it caused a media meltdown. Shocked by his hateful lyrics, pundits denied the veracity of his vision. An unrepentant Ice Cube makes his case to SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT.**

Niggas With Attitude dropped "Boyz-N-the-Hood" in 1986 to a mainly black, underground audience hungry for some raw, provocative storytelling. Reporters from the streets, the group recounted violent tales of life in the L.A. ghettos, far away from the idyllic scenes usually associated with California. Watts had happened years ago; to the rest of the world (particulary East Coast blacks who thought they held a monopoly on inner-city strife) black people in L.A. could only be Jheri-curled wannabes in the land of sun and surf. "---- tha Police" from the group's platinum debut, *Straight Outta Compton*, also found the ears of the law, however, and put the group at the center of controversy when the FBI publicly condemned their angry missives.

But N.W.A's Ice Cube was pissed off for other reasons: Pure and simple, he wasn't gettin' paid. As Cube told SPIN [April '90], he wrote more than half of *Compton*'s lyrics and, though the group's tour alone grossed around $650,000, he took home only about $23,000. Manager Jerry Heller didn't allow N.W.A to do the Jesse Jackson talk show because, says Cube, there was no money in it. Ice Cube left the group. Heller's defense was that Ice Cube was really jealous of Eazy-E's success (Eazy had his own platinum LP). "Eazy-E," Heller said, "is a major star and a successful businessman. Ice Cube is not."

In the spring and summer of 1990, Cube's debut solo album, *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted*, changed all that. Ice Cube took his boys east and turned out a masterpiece. It percolates, writhing in its moral outrages, finding lessons in the lesions left by one too many gangbangings. Ice Cube's stripped-down, straightforward rhymestyle was perfectly matched to the tumultuous grooves concocted by Chuck D and the Bomb Squad; the clamorous affairs of the streets had never found such appropriate record landscapes. "I had the lyrics to go

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAMELA SPRINGSTEEN

with those dope beats," recalls Ice Cube. "And my rapping is real clear. You can listen to my record three or four times, you know exactly what I'm saying. You can close your eyes and listen to an Ice Cube record and see, like, twenty videos in your mind. I try to make it as visual and graphic as possible." This scenic virtuosity brought Cube his most sterling reviews, despite gasps at its misogyny.

The *Kill at Will* EP followed the next winter, most notable for "Dead Homiez," Ice Cube's painfully direct tale of a friend's funeral. Unable to resort to romantic or sentimental evocations of street life and its consequences, Ice Cube found a tonal sensitivity that had been sorely missing from rap's bodacious reportorial recall. It was the difference between telling the truth and being honest. N.W.A was intent on telling the truth—stating the stone-cold facts, with vulgar authenticity. Being honest is more difficult, a commitment to consideration and action, resulting in more compelling storytelling, more emotional weight.

Emotional weight and compelling storytelling were also the hallmarks of Cube's film debut in last summer's surprise hit, *Boyz N the Hood*. Playing Doughboy, a guarded, teenage ex-con, Cube's sensitive, living-for-the-city portrayal garnered rave reviews and talk of an Oscar nomination. The main attraction of the role, says Cube, was its unrelenting honesty. "It hits home. I wanted to be a part of it to give inspiration and add my voice to the struggle. You got to understand that Doughboy is all these kids that I know—filling up these penitentiaries. All these kids that say they're hard. But they're cool people, just ordinary people caught up in the bullshit. Doughboy is me."

And there's the rub. Doughboy is him. He is Doughboy. Ice Cube's ability to become the characters he portrays—without cool irony, without formal devices that make the characters easy to consume—is both his greatest strength and, some think, his glaring weakness.

*For four hundred years*
*I got four hundred tears*
*For four hundred peers*
*Died last year from gang-related crimes*
*That's why I got gang-related rhymes. . . .*
*—Ice Cube, "Us,"* Death Certificate

TO LISTEN TO ICE CUBE'S MUSIC IS TO HEAR secrets. The secrets become stories of lust and abandon, shared in the heat of a drive-by or the recklessness of a cut class, played out on the deceptively crude cultural landscape of inner-city blackness. Here exaggeration is the norm, hyperbole is the key to power. Ice Cube places himself at the dead center of his tales, chastising the bad—but understanding how they feel—and indifferent to the good because the good are probably gonna turn bad anyway.

> **"The language I use is of the streets. The lost people on the wrong path that I speak to curse and use bad words."**

In "Us," from *Death Certificate*, he rants, "All we care about is hairstyles and tennis shoes / And if you step on mine you pushed a button / 'Cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin'." Notice the quick change, from the criticism of the action to the participation *in* that dreadful action. On Ice Cube's records, you hear both the old cliché (young black anger with a dick) and some new spins on it (young black anger with a face, a heart, and a mind).

Rap music can be a difficult text to read; it doesn't open very easily because the spine, although cracked many times, doesn't always bend when asked to. You usually find an annoying either/or in rap criticism: these rappers are business-savvy cynics selling their "cultural heritage" to the white public, or they are idiot-savant spokesmen for an "embattled, bitter" underclass who've lost their way in a bid for respectability. Both approaches condescend. These writers work to defang the form, telling stories of its death in order to live with an unthreatening hip hop nation. The hip hop nation, though, is not the rappers—it *produces* the rappers. All the cries of Ice Cube's "racism," then, feel dreadfully racist themselves. Dismissing the context of *Death Certificate*'s name-calling and venom, critics assume a police-like stance and fire away from behind the smoke screen.

Typically, one New York tabloid critic undercut his self-righteous rant by first asserting that the new album "begins *innocuously* with some gangster raps that cover the usual violent terrain" (italics mine); then when the violence turns outward, the jaded journalist suddenly finds it to be "reactionary viciousness." Oh. When the heat and anger is directed toward other black folks it's "innocuous"; but, hey, just keep it in the 'hood, will ya?

The Simon Wiesenthal Center called for a boycott of *Death Certificate*, supported by the Korean American Coalition, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and other groups "because of its outrageously violent and derogatory lyrics which promote an attitude of racial hatred and violence, particularly against Korean-owned stores" and Jewish-Americans. A letter to Priority Records requests they "voluntarily stop sales of the album." *Billboard*, the so-called bible of the music industry, went so far as to editorialize on *Death Certificate*, saying it "crosses the line," concluding that "each of us must decide whether or not Ice Cube's record is fit to sell or purchase." And Island Records U.K. has issued the LP abroad minus "Black Korea" and "No Vaseline," the "hatemongering" tracks. In a statement, Island says, "It was not Island's intent to censor Ice Cube. The remaining tracks, in Island's judgment, form a significant album which, although vivid in their depiction of contemporary America, do not advocate hatred and violence." Against people other than blacks, that is.

Ice Cube found out about the change two days before the statement appeared in *Billboard*. "I'm pissed off at Priority," he says with characteristic bluntness. "They got no balls and they've never given me support as an artist. I was down to put a revised version on if that would ease everything up. They told me that I had that option. But they went ahead and did it."

*My records are recorded thoughts. What could we get out of* them *if we recorded* their *thoughts and* their *racism? It would overwhelm mine. Not saying we're all racist, but their racism would overwhelm my supposed racism.*
*—Ice Cube*

"WASSUP, LO," ICE CUBE GREETS ME AS I WALK UP to the door of his hotel room.

Three healthy-looking white kids stand just outside, one holding a camcorder, the other two with scraps of paper, all three flaunting their white-boy version of hip hop style. They'd heard the Cube was in Memphis filming *Looters* (he has reportedly received a million-dollar paycheck to costar with Ice-T) and they drove all the way from Arkansas to get a glimpse of him. Ice Cube signed autographs and talked to them. They told him they respected his truth-telling. They told him they were Jewish. They told him the album was not anti-Semitic.

Cube sits on the bed of his double room suite and fidgets around, playing with a book, unfolding a paper clip, switching his black baseball cap from front to back. He and his crew have transformed the swank, ancient suites of Memphis's grand Peabody Hotel into a frat house—posters line the wall, a huge video monitor and stacks of Blockbuster video bags rest in the center of the room, an ironing board stands in the corner near jeans and pairs of sneaks. Cube's eyebrows, a spectacle of expression, familiar enough to become a trademark, dance up and down. With all the inherent contradictions of a 22-year-old, he's both a little brother and an older brother, a student and an educator. He percolates.

**Scott Poulson-Bryant:** You don't consider yourself a role model, do you?
**Ice Cube:** Not at all.
**SPIN:** Even though the way you dress, your way of life influences a whole generation of people who say they want to be like you?
**Cube:** Not at all. That don't mean I'm a role model. It just happens that people like me, know what I'm saying. If it looks that way on the surface, I don't have to accept the title. Once you accept it, you become a puppet to people who say "now you're a role model, you do this, you do that."
**SPIN:** I guess that's part of the controversy around the malt liquor ads you did.
**Cube:** I do what I want to do. I turn a minus into a plus. I give $100,000 of what I make with St. Ides back into the community. I'm helping Spencer Holland in Baltimore with his school for black boys, I've helped the Nation of Islam. I told St. Ides to put money into black banks in Los Angeles. They're very open because they know if

There's a term for color that's this hot.

# FILA HOT

It's intense...
Fila's new FX 100
sets the stage for
fiery competition.
A scorcher. In five
neon colors so hot,
they sizzle.
Try a pair on today.
If you dare.
Just be sure
there's a fire
extinguisher
nearby.

FILA®
FOOTWEAR USA

FILA FOOTWEAR USA • Headquarters • Hunt Valley, MD 21030 • 410-785-7530

they're going to take from the people, then they've got to give something back—if not, you can't be involved with me. These same people who buy St. Ides won't give money to these organizations so they give some money to them, and they can give it to me, and I can put it right back.

**SPIN:** So I hear you're in the Nation of Islam now.

**Cube:** I support the Nation of Islam just like I support anybody that's real in the struggle. If you want to be down with what's going on, then I'm going to roll with you. I like the way they cleaning people up. I've seen a lot of straight-up gang members become Muslims. And now they have the knowledge, they love themselves, they're ready to unite. Anything that's talkin' about that, of course I'm down with that. As for religion, I've got the rest of my life to look for that.

**SPIN:** I've always thought that if black kids were taught their own history—

**Cube:** The things I say on these records go against the power structure and the way they want you to think. If you guilty of a crime, you're worried about the punishment. If you're innocent, you don't worry about it. So evidently someone feels guilty.

It's like this: You throw a rock into a pack of dogs, and the only one that hollers is the one that got hit. And my rock is the truth. They worry, "What are these blacks going to do after they listen to Ice Cube's record?" But ain't nothing coming off physical. It's a mental revolution we've got to go through.

It's cool for me to say a nigga shot a nigga—that's reality. But when I start stating that the nigga ain't the problem and start telling who the problem is, that's when they start saying, "He's talking about me." And they get nervous, let their emotion overthrow their logic. But they're lucky there's a voice to tell them how we feel, as opposed to actions that show them how we feel.

**SPIN:** What went down with the Korean woman who shot that black girl in L.A.?

**Cube:** This black girl gets into a fight with a Korean storeowner. And the lady comes up and shoots her in the back. It's on videotape. Six months probation. Now a few months ago, this black man shoots this dog and get six months in the pen for that. I forgot what city that was in. What kind of message is that telling us? That this black little girl's life isn't worth more than a dog's life?

I'm just a product of the people. I'm the same person that's out on the corner, drinking a 40, hanging out and talking about their problems.

**SPIN:** Except you have a record deal and a platform.

**Cube:** The only thing that makes me different is I can talk to the whole world about these same problems they're talking to me about. Everything that I write is either things I've done or heard about or seen. I get a vibe from my people, and I'm part of the vibe, too. I tell them I'm made in America. When they ask you, "What's wrong with Ice Cube? Why is he coming off this way?" It ain't nothing nice going on. I just peeped out the real oppressor.

**SPIN:** You say you make records for black kids, for the little Tyrone Jacksons. But the little Timmy Wilsons listen, too, like those kids earlier, from Arkansas.

**Cube:** White listeners are real important. These kids that are listening to my record are going to be the mayors and senators until we get our act together. So Timmy Wilson is up there and he knows what time it is with us. He might try to cut this racist monotony. These kids understand that I'm a tool for them to understand us. We know European history. Now it's their time to learn *our* history—African history, or whatever it may be. To know us. Then when they know us, they'll respect us.

**SPIN:** So you don't think it's just a rhythm thing, white kids getting excited by the groove they can dance to, ignoring the culture behind it?

**Cube:** We'll never know. But I know this is the first time we get our voice out uncensored. Getting a raw feeling on how the young, black man feels without being "I can't say that, that's too radical."

White kids get to hear our cries from our mouths instead of hearing from their daddy, "Don't go to South Central, blacks'll kill you there." But when they have the first chance to hear kids talking to kids, they get to hear what the struggle is. It's like this for a reason. You hear a lot of white people say, "Don't hold me for what my forefathers did." Because they know that what their forefathers did was 100 percent wrong.

continued on page 82

**How did the proponents of a critically despised genre keep their album on the charts for over a year and put a T-shirt on the back of every other Lollapaloozer? Trent Reznor, wild-eyed CEO of industrial superpower Nine Inch Nails, debriefs JIM GREER.**

# nine inches of LOVE

New Orleans, city of institutionalized decay, seems at first an odd place for industrial music's leading light to call home. You'd think the practitioner of a noise so forward-looking, energetic, and technocentric would pick somewhere less nostalgia-bound, lazy, and decrepit to hang his computer cables. But driving around in Trent Reznor's decidedly high tech Sony 2600ZM (or whatever), past the gracefully crumbling verandas of the Garden District ("There's Anne Rice's house—and there's the carriage house where the Vampire Lestat lived") and on into the vibrant French Quarter, you get a sense of the town's dark, almost gothic appeal. And even though Reznor's not quite the self-obsessed, tormented-poet type he's at times been depicted as, this side of New Orleans suits him. There's a deeply warm, life-affirming quality to the city—surprising amid all that decay—which also finds an analog in Trent's character. As well as his music. Which is not something I came here expecting to find out.

But then, I'm not really sure what I did expect. I was looking for the hidden motor that drives the phenomenon of industrial music, which, however loosely (and inappropriately) defined, is currently threatening heavy metal and rap for musical dominance—and cultural relevance—in suburban neighborhoods across the country. It's not yet there, wherever there is, but incrementally and almost without notice in the mainstream media, industrial has become the music of choice for an increasingly disaffected stratum of middle-American youth. It's gone without notice partly because it's not an urban phenomenon, and partly because the genre has in the past been largely written off as worthless by mainstream critics like, well, like me.

Which I guess was not a good idea, huh? To me it's always promising for any form of music when it becomes popular despite lack of critical attention, and that's precisely what's happened to industrial in general. And especially to Nine Inch Nails. Twenty-six-year-old Reznor's one-man project (fleshed out onstage by hired guns) is the most

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEVIN WESTENBERG

successful industrial act in the world right now. The band has one LP out, 1989's *Pretty Hate Machine*, which has currently sold somewhere on the order of half a million—astounding for a band on an independent label. But when *Pretty Hate Machine* came out, we didn't review it in SPIN. I'd never even seen the band play live until Lollapalooza, at which time I was formally converted to Naildom, or whatever they'll eventually call it. With their genuinely unhinged rock'n'roll futurism, NIN blew away every other act in the festival, including headliners Jane's Addiction. Older audience members were moved to awestruck comparisons with the Stooges or the early Who—the under-30s just realized this stuff rocked.

So you'd have to figure Reznor would have some insight into the process by which this happened. I mean, what kinds of people are buying his records, what type of person is into industrial music these days? Look at the way the moshers at Lollapalooza punched the air and shouted along with "Head like a hole / Black as your soul / I'd rather die than give you control!" It's the new heavy metal, isn't it?

"I see what you're saying," says Reznor thoughtfully, slowly guzzling a Bud, "and in some ways I agree that the buzz of this little subgenre is getting bigger. I think people look at Nine Inch Nails as the pop forefront of that—the doorway into the more legitimate or obscure industrial bands. But I don't think the genre as a whole is solidified enough; I don't think there're enough good industrial bands right now to start up a big thing. If I look at all the bands that influenced me at the time while I was doing the record—like Ministry—they either don't exist or they mutated into something else. Which I think is cool, but it's far from what stimulated me into wanting to do this."

Any discussion of the music's shortcomings, though, is dependent on the individual's definition of the ambiguous term *industrial*.

**"A lot of bands have realized the formula for industrial music: repetitive 16th-note bass lines, snarling vocals. 'Cool, we're there.' "**

"Have you noticed that when you call a band *industrial* a lot of them will cringe?" asks Trent, grinning slyly.

Uh, yeah.

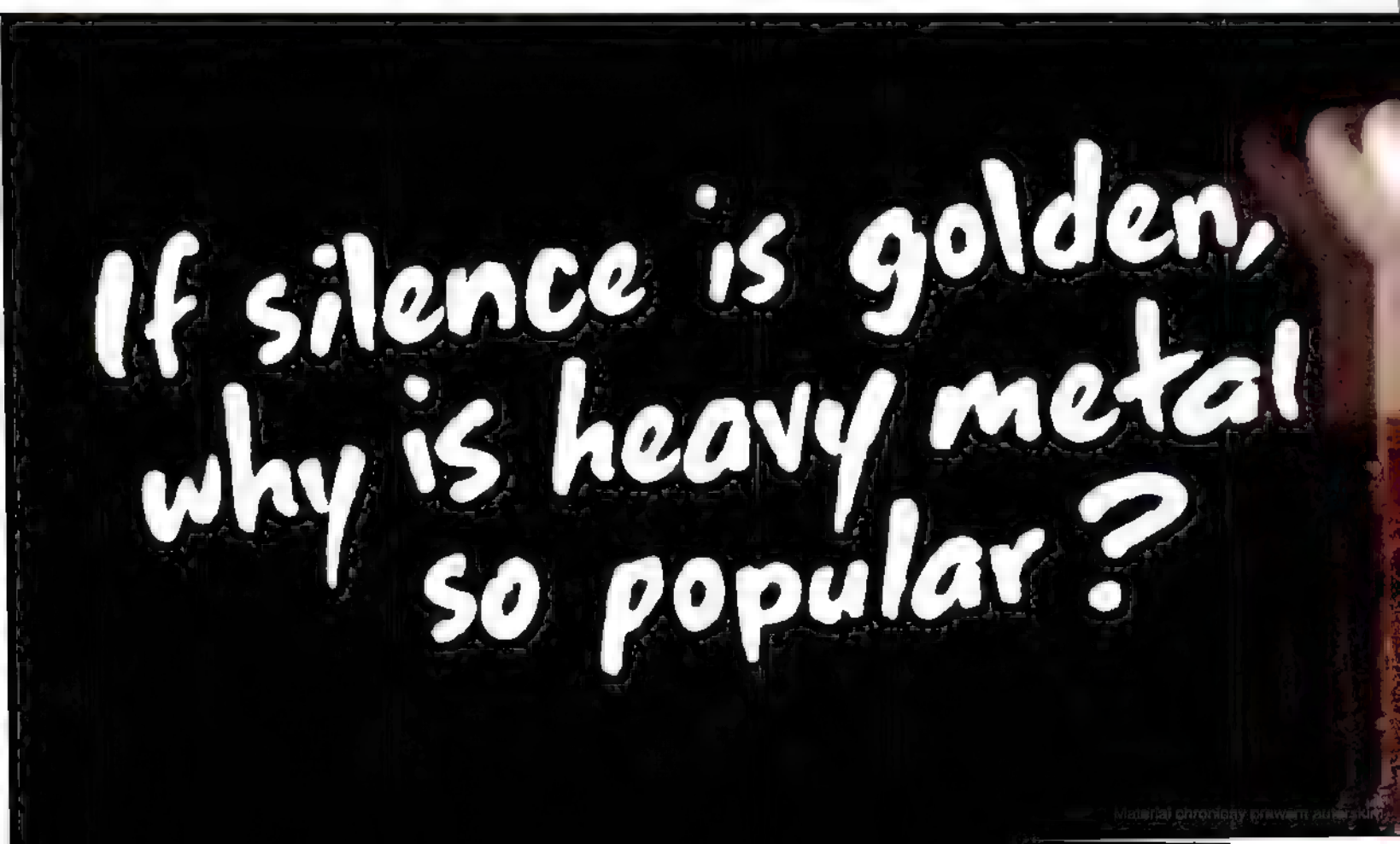
"Well, I don't mind the term applied to us, but I think the reason people cringe is what it connotes—Throbbing Gristle, Test Dept.—bands NIN has very little in common with. What is industrial, then? I'd basically define it as dance music that's a bit harder, a bit tougher, definitely with a drum machine, maybe some distorted vocals. I was a fan of that stuff. I was a Wax Trax record buyer when I was making *Pretty Hate Machine*. I always liked stuff that was computer-based, where you can tie in the technology with music. It was a fresh, new thing that couldn't have happened before.

"And I still like it even though now it's become mainstream and you can buy a drum machine for a hundred bucks, and everybody in the world has a computer and sequencer. Because I think that there are still a lot of avenues that haven't been explored that are—I don't know how to say this—a way of doing this new thing that I'm into, and that obviously a lot of people are into.

"I mean, I'm really into old David Bowie stuff for what it was, I'm really into Led Zeppelin or whatever. But I'm not going to have a band that tries to sound like that because it's been done. I never liked the Beatles. If you're going to have a band that is guitar, bass, drum, and vocal, try to do something different with it instead of trying to sound like every other band that uses the same equipment and plays the same chords.

"I think my affiliation with so-called industrial bands now is, I like the energy. I always liked the fact that it was electronic, but it wasn't Thompson Twins. It wasn't where Devo went with it. It was something that was kind of cool."

GRANTED THAT THE SORT OF INDUSTRIAL MUSIC Nine Inch Nails produces isn't nearly the impersonal, dehumanized, microchip-groove



stuff that drives most industrial detractors back to their Creedence records, it bears enough superficial similarities to standard grade, Wax Trax–issue industrial that you can call it that without getting, like, shot. But it's certainly true that what was initially labeled "industrial"—the heavy, experimental, nondance-oriented work of party animals like Throbbing Gristle, Test Dept., and SPK—has mutated to the point where today, as Trent says, "If you ask an average concertgoer to name an industrial band, it won't be Throbbing Gristle. It'll be Ministry, Front 242, Meat Beat Manifesto, us." And even within these fairly narrow parameters, generalization can be dangerous. While a great deal of cross-pollination does seem to go on—members of one outfit forming a side project with those of another ("Hey guys, I brought my disc—let's jam!")—the frontiers of what is considered industrial are constantly being pushed.

The industrial scene is atomizing at a rate, and with a degree of innovation, not uncommon in an ascendant culture. By now there are countless groups who could conceivably be called industrial—anyone, really, who uses instruments Jimi Hendrix wouldn't recognize—and almost none who want to be. *Industrial* has become the kind of meaningless catch-all term that new wave once was; but the very process of diversification has broadened the appeal of the music and, if anything, strengthened its identity. "Any genre has to broaden itself and sort of bastardize into new forms if it's going to stay healthy," says Reznor.

So how, given all this rampant health, and the now-too-big-to-ignore popular appeal, and the musical innovation involved, did the mainstream media manage to miss the train?

"I think there are several blows against it to start with," comments Reznor. "One is, electronic music in general has never been legitimate. I live that down every time we do a show. What the fuck is the problem? You get this mentality of, 'It's bad.' Well, on the other hand, a lot of electronic music *is* bad.

"For every band that I think has something to say, like Ministry, or Meat Beat Manifesto, there's twice as many that have realized the formula for industrial music: repetitive 16th-note bass lines, snarling vocals—usually unintelligible screaming about the horrible condition of the planet or some kind of doomsday message about how shitty things are. 'Cool, we're there.'

"Front Line Assembly is a textbook case of a band that—I can't listen to a fucking song, let alone an album. Just monotonous, boring, uninspired bullshit. And they're far more traditional and far more exemplary of 'industrial' than NIN is."

Another reason for the lack of mainstream recognition is probably the makeup of industrial's audience. The worship of this music takes place far from the temples of the media, and therefore, as far as those temples' keepers are concerned, its disciples might as well not exist.

"Yeah," concurs Reznor, "oddly enough our popularity doesn't revolve around urban centers. One of our biggest areas is Salt Lake City. Who the fuck would think anybody's out there? We're like Bon Jovi in Salt Lake City.

"My theory on that whole thing, and I could be completely wrong, is that when you take an area like Salt Lake City or Tulsa or someplace out in the middle of nowhere, I've found the people I've met there to be more truly weird than anyone I've met in New York or L.A. or San Francisco. Because there's nothing to do and they, it's—I think when they find some way to rebel they go full out at it, you know, because their Mormon parents or whatever the fuck the situation is, are stifling them. Isolationism, being nowhere—people get really weird. We've run into weird Devil-cult shit and everything else out there. Not anywhere else."

Um, "weird Devil-cult shit"?

"Well, it's weird when you play a show somewhere and there's a disproportionate number of people backstage talking about how they're witches. And that there's a cool place to go—'Hey, you guys want to go out tonight after the show?' 'Yeah, where?' 'Well, there's a great place. There's this old abandoned church that these satanic cults hang out at.' It's not, 'Let's go down to the bar.' It's like, 'Let's go out and slaughter a cow.' What the fuck? It's the last thing you're expecting.

"And they assume that you must be into that. I've got someone coming up to me saying, 'The promoter is telling everyone you're a warlock.' I think a lot of spare time breeds incredible weirdness. They're looking for some way to rebel. I don't know."

Is that what industrial music gives them?

"Well, yeah, I think because it's not legitimate, and by legitimate I mean SPIN and *Rolling Stone*

COLD FILTERED
BUD DRY
Why Ask Why?
Try Bud Dry.
Its smooth, draft taste is Dry Brewed, not watered down. To drink light, yet satisfy completely. For refreshment that's beyond question.
KNOW WHEN TO SAY WHEN

have not embraced it, so, 'This is cool.' "

So we're killing it right now.

"Perhaps. Maybe I've been the worst culprit in that. Taking it to a major tour, giving it out to the people and making it not their private little possession anymore."

ALMOST DIRECTLY AFTER LOLLAPALOOZA, Reznor took up new fan Axl Rose's offer to open for Guns N' Roses at a couple of stadium shows in Europe. The experience turned out to be "one in a long history of miscalculations I've made with this band," according to Reznor. The differences between traditional heavy metal audiences and the industrial audience were painfully spelled out for him on this sorry venture.

"People were just starting to hear of us over there 'cause our record just came out. Our American label did not license the music over there until about two years after it came out. I'd kind of gone into it, like, 'Well, we did Lollapalooza and that worked out okay and in the big picture it benefited us and, well, what's the difference?' Well, it was a *big* difference. It was the worst of situations. It was us, Skid Row, Guns N' Roses. I like Guns N' Roses for what they do. Skid Row, however, is the epitome of what I don't like about spandex rock. Poseur toughness, bullshit. I hate them.

"So we open up. First song, people are, like, 'Yeah, there's a band onstage,' and they're slowly realizing we're not Skid Row. Second song, 'Okay, these guys are not Skid Row and I *think* I hear a synthesizer.' Third song, 'We definitely hear a synthesizer—this is bullshit. These guys suck, they're faggots, let's kick their ass.' There is something about the feeling of standing in front of 65,000 people giving you the finger. . . . An intense terror took over. In a word, it sucks."

From there, things went rapidly downhill. . . .

"I decided just to make it the worst half hour of this crowd's life. The point when it actually became humorous was when I saw a sausage flying up onstage at the show in Germany. A link sausage. But we got off the stage with our lives. Another sad moment at that date was toward the end of the set I actually saw one poor fucker with a NIN shirt, holding it up. Seconds later, I just saw a scuffling and no more NIN shirt."

Maybe that's because they all wanted it.

"We did somehow sell eight T-shirts that night. Eight out of sixty-five thousand, that's not a bad ratio. It also made me realize that I'm not trying to be all things to all people."

But isn't Nine Inch Nails becoming more things to more people, regardless?

"Yeah, and a lot of the new fans I just can't relate to. And the people that you meet at shows tend to be ignorant. Every day you meet somebody there that's, like, 'Dude, man, I know what you're talking about. On "Down in It," you're talking about taking acid, dude, I feel exactly the same way!' It's, like, what am I doing? But I realize that those people are out there.

"The only thing that's disheartening about that is that I know where this band is going and I know how much harder we're getting. When I put out *Pretty Hate Machine* I thought it was a pretty bold record at the time; I listen to it now and it seems really light. It seems real sterile. I've interpreted the songs a million times onstage and if I did that record now it would probably sound a lot different. But I didn't, and I just want to put it behind me. Now, I see a lot of our newest fans are attaching themselves to a side of NIN that doesn't exist anymore."

**"I've had someone coming up to me saying, 'The promoter is telling everyone you're a warlock.' "**

Someone suggested to me that the NIN phenomenon comes from Depeche Mode fans looking for something harder. Reznor has no truck with this glib theory, but he seems vaguely idealistic as to the roots of his band's powerful allure.

"I would like to think if you took a cross section of my fans and asked them why they like my music and you took a cross section of Skid Row fans and asked them why they liked their music, I'd like to think that my fans have much more integrity."

But where's the "integrity" in liking a band? Whether it's Color Me Badd or Slayer, surely you just like them because you like them, whatever the reasons.

"I would rather that someone likes Nine Inch Nails because it connected with them in some way. 'I really like that song,' rather than 'You're so fuckin' pretty' or 'His hair is so nice.' I thought that when I looked at the G N' R audience. It was like, lowest common denominator. Every burnout guy from high school was at that concert. They're wearing their Van Halen 1979 three-quarter-sleeve tour T-shirts, you know? They're still there, even in Germany, they're still smoking pot, you know. That's not anything against G N' R but that whole bulk of people, I tend to think their minds are so closed."

But as Nine Inch Nails gets more popular—you're moving into the mainstream—it must be appealing to some of those same kids. What about the music appeals to even a burn-out kid in a Van Halen T-shirt?

"I was one of them at one point. I know that mentality. I'm sure a lot of people are into the band because it seems like it's the cool little trend to be into. Probably if you're suburban, Nine Inch Nails or that ilk of electronic music is cool to like, and it's safe. It's not fuckin' hardcore. It's accessible. There's something to grasp onto."

LATER THAT EVENING, SITTING IN ONE OF THE few quiet French Quarter bars to be found on a Saturday night, Trent and I discuss our mutual love for Queen ("I was much more affected

STYLED BY NASHA CALLOWAY HAIR & MAKEUP BY MARA SCHIAVETTI PAGE 39: DARK GREEN VELVET JACKET BY YOHJI YAMAMOTO; BLACK MESH SHIRT BY TRIPP; PANTS BY HENRY DUARTE FOR BOWEAR. THIS PAGE: KNIT SHIRT WITH STARS BOY ARMAND BASI.

by Freddie Mercury's death than by John Lennon's," quoth Reznor), his new pal Rick Rubin, the indisputable fact that dogs are cooler than cats, and Nine Inch Nails' record company woes. There may be a new NIN record out by the fall of this year, but, well, relations with TVT Records are strained to say the least. Not surprising, since Trent claims that when he delivered *Pretty Hate Machine* he waited two weeks before the company told him the record was a "complete abortion."

As I grew progressively wiser, or at least drunker (hell, he was buying), it occurred to me that Trent Reznor was a sweetheart of an ex–classic rocker from Cleveland who ended up with a hit record and a lot of unwanted critical analysis of his "place" in the industrial music "spectrum." Ha ha, too bad for him. And, further, that was exactly why he was the man for the job as spokesman for the industrial revolution—his reluctance lent credence to his observations. Having come to this brilliant conclusion, Trent and I headed back to his car. We decided to climb a fence to get there and I ripped a big-as-frig hole in my new jeans. Ha ha, too bad for me.

# INDUSTRIAL INDEX

In 1977, punk happened, and the world took notice. The attention was paid, however, as much to the spectacle caused by punk's antifashion statement as to its music and its "no future" sociopolitical rhetoric. But before, while, and after the punk rockers made headlines, another group of artists was creating a new sound closer to the dadaist concept of making art from the sensational screams and fevers of everyday life. While punk merely perverted the traditional rock'n'roll format of guitars, bass, and drums, this other group used tape loops, keyboards, and nontraditional instruments to produce sonic chaos rather than verses, bridges and choruses. Even more subversive was the fact that the first of these groups—among them, **Throbbing Gristle** and **Cabaret Voltaire**—didn't announce themselves by their haircuts or by using garbage liners as outerwear. They looked like the guy next door, of whom neighbors would say, "He was very polite."

The music that emerged from this group was dubbed *industrial*, as in "industrial music for industrial people," a phrase attributed to infamous San Francisco performance artist Monte Cazzaza. The bands reflected the places they called home: Throbbing Gristle was based in a section of East London characterized by decaying factories, Cabaret Voltaire (a name co-opted from a 1916 Dada theater group in Zurich) in industry-heavy Sheffield. The intention, like that of punk, was to disturb, to shock, to cause audiences to react in some way—just as long as they did react.

Industrial music's energy, like punk's, could not be sustained forever; even the bands that started it have turned to more mainstream pursuits (relatively speaking) Cabaret Voltaire currently makes what is basically house music, as does TG founding member Genesis P-Orridge's **Psychic TV**. Many of the artists that caught the wave early on have either faded into obscurity or have turned to making more filmic music or even actual soundtracks. Neubauten's Blixa Bargeld, for example, has turned his energies toward creating film, theater, and dance scores; **SPK**'s Graeme Revell has worked with Wim Wenders; Cabaret Voltaire did *Johnny YesNo* (soundtrack to Peter Care's film about a junkie); **Coil** (Throbbing Gristle's Peter Christopherson) recorded a soundtrack album for Clive Barker's *Hellraiser*, which was rejected and released by the band as *Unreleased Themes From Hellraiser*.

While the imprimatur of the first industrial artists is unmistakable, the current state of the art and its future is not easy to gauge. Some, such as **Einsturzende Neubauten** and **Test Dept.**, started by creating noise out of found objects and later on became more musical. Mainstays of the alternative charts such as **Ministry** and **Skinny Puppy** mutated out of the new wave of the early '80s. Skinny Puppy's distinctive sound evolved when a former member of a Vancouver synth-pop outfit was forever altered by a weird tape-exchange scheme called the Contact List for Electronic Music; wildly misperceived by its label as a potential Howard Jones, Al Jourgensen's Ministry revolted, ricocheting to the violent, hardcore-influenced end of the spectrum; during the last decade, the number of "post-industrial" bands increased exponentially, lured perhaps by the ease of music-by-technology or by the innate aggression they could express by abusing the same.

Meat Beat Manifesto

Ministry

Throbbing Gristle

KEVIN WESTENBERG
Skinny Puppy

Cabaret Voltaire

Ministry, like Belgian agit-prop outfit Front 242, was part of the Wax Trax brain drain, the series of bands tempted to major labels from Chicago's innovative indie. The commercial acceptance of industrial music, as suggested by the healthy record sales of groups like **Nine Inch Nails** (not to mention that outfit's runaway success on the Lollapalooza tour), may threaten an art form which has traditionally been nurtured far beneath the pop culture mainstream.

No form of art exists in a vacuum, and the industrial genre has been influenced by just about everything since Cabaret Voltaire started messing around with tape recorders back in 1973. CDs found in the "industrial" section of the local record store now incorporate elements as disparate as pop song formats (bands such as Nine Inch Nails, **Moev**, **Nitzer Ebb**, and **KMFDM**), rap and hip hop (**Meat Beat Manifesto**, the **Disposable Heroes of HipHoprisy**, and **Consoildated**), jazz (**MC 900 Foot Jesus** and HipHoprisy again), reggae and dub (**Gary Clail/On-U Sound System**), and new age (**Lustmord**, **Nocturnal Emissions**). Unbelievably, even disco now ranks as an influence in industrial circles (**My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult**). The tools of the trade are the same; what these groups choose to do with them has definitely become a matter of user discretion.

The same spirit haunts them all in some way, though, both in content and design. Almost all express some sort of protest against the human condition, and all use "found sounds" as illustration. It's essentially what the European artists had in mind at the beginning of century, brought to fruition at the end. Modern Dada, only a lot louder.

**Karen Woods**

Come to where the flavor is. Marlboro.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

# GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD

**People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA), will do anything to get your attention.**

During last summer's annual World Pork Expo in Iowa, a PETA member dressed like a pig tossed a pie (nondairy whipped topping, of course) into the face of the newly crowned Pork Queen.

If obnoxious, silly, and often shocking consciousness-raising techniques don't turn jaded heads, PETA knows what will: hipsters, hunks, and rockers. The organization's typical members are politically correct twentysomething-year-olds, many recruited at concerts or celebrity-endorsed special events. Thousands pledged their support at last year's Lollapalooza shows where PETA had a booth.

A diverse bunch, the celebrities associated with PETA embrace animal-free life-styles to varying degrees. Sugarcubes' Björk Gudmundsdottir and Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon are not vegetarians, for example, but actor River Phoenix is and will not eat dairy products or eggs. Each has his or her own set of reasons for supporting the organization, but for nearly all of these animal-loving stars, lending a famous face is just one aspect of a life-style based on global concern; many were committed before they teamed up with the organization, such as longtime vegetarian Chrissie Hynde.

"PETA is just a very small part of my activism," explains Phoenix. "The priority issue for me is the environment and the health of the planet. Everything else rests on that, and we're all working for the same things, so we might as well join up."

"It's kind of interesting," says Gudmundsdottir, "because we have different reasons to join. We come from Iceland, where I might go with my father and shoot geese. It becomes like a religion to some people, but the whole thing isn't that simple, you know. People should take every situation and make their minds up, and PETA is mostly asking people to think independently."

"There's such a wide variety of animal issues; PETA has something to offer anyone who wants to get involved," says Dan Mathews, PETA's director of special projects. "This is not about becoming a purist, it's about learning and reacting to what happens to animals in the making of certain products. We believe people should eat and wear whatever they want, after they've made an informed decision. You don't have to become Gandhi."

The organization's primary function is to implement undercover investigations at slaughterhouses, fur farms, and laboratories. Their methods are clever, and they work—especially with cosmetics companies, many of which still test their products on animals.

"With Avon," says Mathews, "we used some pretty aggressive tactics. We created three million doorknob hangers which read AVON KILLING and distributed them around the country three years ago. Within months of that tactic, Avon gave in." The company closed its animal testing lab.

"Nothing stops them," Hynde says of PETA. "Their tactics win more people over than alienate people because they don't come on with 'We're right and you're wrong' attitude. They approach things with optimism and humor and compassion."

PETA teaches people the facts while entertaining them and showing them how to make a difference. "We've shifted the campaign to the consumers," says Mathews. "And companies will feel it in their pockets when these consumers shun products that are tested on animals."

"We've got the coolest celebs," Mathews says, a bit smugly. "They have a sense of humor and are not too bleeding heart about things. Companies pay millions of dollars to get celebrities to plug their products. We get them for free to plug the animal rights agenda."

KATHRYN LINEBERGER

## BJÖRK

Silver metal vest by Eric Beamon for Showroom Seven. Björk's hair styled with Suspend Forming and Mending Spray Gel from Redken; skin moisturized with Botanical Kinetics Hydrating Lotion from Aveda, Matte Foundation from Mike & Me; the Nakeds Eyecolor from Ultima II; Perfect Mascara from Almay; Perfect Lipstick from Estée Lauder. Fragrance is Colors de Benetton.

**Photo by Mark LeBon**

**RIVER PHOENIX**

Fake fur by Jon Skow, River's hair styled with moisturizing Sculpturing Lotion by KMS Research Inc.; skin moisturized aloe vera and vitamin E–enriched Skin Balancing Moisture Creme by Garden Botanika. Fragrance is New West Skinscent for Him from Aramis.

**Photo by Peggy Sirota**

## KIM GORDON

Kim is wearing her own jewelry. Kim's hair styled with Sculpting Foam with conditioners by Paul Mitchell; skin moisturized with 9 to 5 Light Soothing Aloe Vera Moisture Cream from TerraNova for the body and Eau de Givenchy Beauty Cream for the face; Matte Finish Foundation from Clarins; Supermascara, Lidstick, and Brow Shaper from Clinique; American Beauty Classic Lipstick from Prescriptives. Fragrance is Spellbound from Estée Lauder.

**Photo by Torkil Gudnason**

**Fashion Editor: John R. Olson**

**Special thanks to Dan Mathews**

**Björk Gudmundsdottir's hair by Val Garland. Makeup by Jackie Hamilton-Smith.**

**River Phoenix's grooming by Eric Barnard for Cloutier.**

**Chrissie Hynde's grooming by Lucia Spagnoli.**

**Kim Gordon's grooming by Rob Van Dorssen.**

**To find out more and get a free wallet-size guide to products not tested on animals, write to PETA, Box 42516, Washington, D.C. 20015.**

**ALL OF THE GROOMING PRODUCTS USED IN THIS STORY ARE CRUELTY - FREE.**

## CHRISSIE HYNDE

Fake fur coat by Jean-Philippe Riquier; ankle bracelet by Eric Beamon for Showroom Seven. Chrissie's hair styled with Soft Sculpting Spray Gel by Paul Mitchell, skin moisturized with Sweet Almond Skincare Oil by Goodebodies, Studio Makeup matte-finished vitamin-enriched foundation from M.A.C. Cosmetics, vegetable-based Lip Color from Origins; eye makeup from Clinique. Fragrance is Tea Rose from Perfumer's Workshop.

**Photo by the Douglas Brothers**

Material protected by copyright

# MARK AND JIM'S TOTALLY UNCOOL GUIDE TO SPRING BREAK

## You've heard of Wayne's World—welcome to Mark and Jim's Planet!

Two years ago, our President set a goal that we would put a man on Mars by the year 2019, the 50th anniversary of the Apollo moon landing. The cost of this mission has been estimated to be around four hundred billion dollars. Good idea: Yeah, right. ● Why would a man want to go there anyway, when the quantity of babes to be found on that red planet can only be described by the term "few," if even that is not an exaggeration? And, in order to reach this babeless land of sand, one must be shielded from the dangerous radiation by a 22-ton cushion of water built into the walls of the spacecraft in which one travels. Sand! Dangerous radiation! Cushion of water! Sounds like an excellent beach to us! If we are going on a journey, let us go there instead of some desolate other worldly place. Let us go to where the fun and babes are a-plenty. It will cost one hell of a lot less and we don't have to wait 27 years to do it. ● Okay, we all know the reason why it is necessary, every spring, for major hordes of fine young collegiate dudes to spend one week away from their studies soaking up some relaxing Fort Lauderdale rays. This is because, were it not for spring break, America's best young minds would snap under the constant pressure to keep up their grades. ● Face it. We dudes go to Florida for only one thing—to score babes. For what is Florida if not the fabled site of ancient "Babelon"—a veritable Elysian beach of untrammeled and largely undressed babe-itude. Bikini babes run rampant through its glistening, hot sand, and it is your duty as a nongeek, semicool, almost Mark and Jim–like dude to score as many of these wet T–shirted beauties as you can. However, there may be a problem. You are not the only babe-minded young collegiate dude in the area. And many of your peers will be bigger, stronger, better-looking, smarter, and richer than you. ● Now, there are several ways you can deal with this problem. But the best way, the tried and true, the Mark and Jim–approved method of harnessing your inborn flower of manhood is to *use the power of rock*.

**Expert social demigods Jim Greer, *left*, and Mark Blackwell. Coming soon to a cable access channel near you?**

### USING THE POWER OF ROCK: THE LONG METHOD

**Rock'n'roll is your friend. It was put on this earth to make even gnarly-looking ugly little dudes like the singer in Judas Priest attractive to the opposite sex. You need not talent. You need not looks. All you will need is a guitar or a microphone or drumsticks and an attitude. Also possibly a cool hat. Once the word gets out that you are not in fact a pale, weedy geek with unruly hair but a majorly cool rock dude, the babes will flock to you like, uh, ducks to water.**

### USING THE POWER OF ROCK: THE SHORT METHOD

**"Okay, Jim," you say, "but spring break is two weeks away and I don't have time to start a band. How may I, too, benefit from the power of rock?"**

**Hey, no problemo. Years of painstaking research by my best friend Mark have resulted in a foolproof way for you to put rock'n'roll to work for you. Mark**

STEPHAN HITCHCOCK

has compiled a chart of the Top Ten Rock Moves for Scoring Babes. These are actual moves by actual rock stars that have been *proven to work*. Try them in front of any beach babe and watch her eyes alight with smoldering megalust for your powerful rock'n'roll body. You will perhaps not actually fool her into thinking you *are* the star whose moves you cop, but she will doubtless recognize your kindred rock spirit. If you doubt the effectiveness of this ploy, simply look at the singer for the Black Crowes.

**TOP TEN ROCK MOVES FOR SCORING BABES**

1) Pete Townshend windmill guitar move. (Be sure to warm up arm properly before attempting. Also, after executing, pretend not to be able to hear companions' shouts.)

2) Keith Richards dangling cigarette move. (It's best to go a couple of nights without sleep before trying this. Not technically difficult, but nailing the attitude can be tricky.)

3) David Lee Roth karate leap move. (An advanced move. Please be careful.)

4) Bill Wyman quiet bass player move. (Just stand there in front of her. Don't move. Don't say anything. She will be intrigued. Works best on girls ages 13 to 16.)

5) Axl Rose ego tantrum move. (Just go with your inner self. Tantrums need not have any logical motivation, but must be maximally destructive. Kick up a lot of sand.)

6) Neil Peart air drum-fill move. (Should be accompanied by mouth noises indicating a perfectly executed, high-speed trip around a totally massive drum kit. *Budda-budda-budda-budda-budda-bomp*. Something like that.)

7) Sammy Hagar wireless headset move. (Requires only that you wear one of those chopper pilot microphones without the helmet, and jump around like a madman. Not difficult, but you risk looking like a fool.)

8) Jim Morrison drunken swagger move. (Must be 21 or have two current forms of fake ID in order to qualify.)

9) Billy Idol sneer move. (But watch out—if you do it too often your face will freeze like that.)

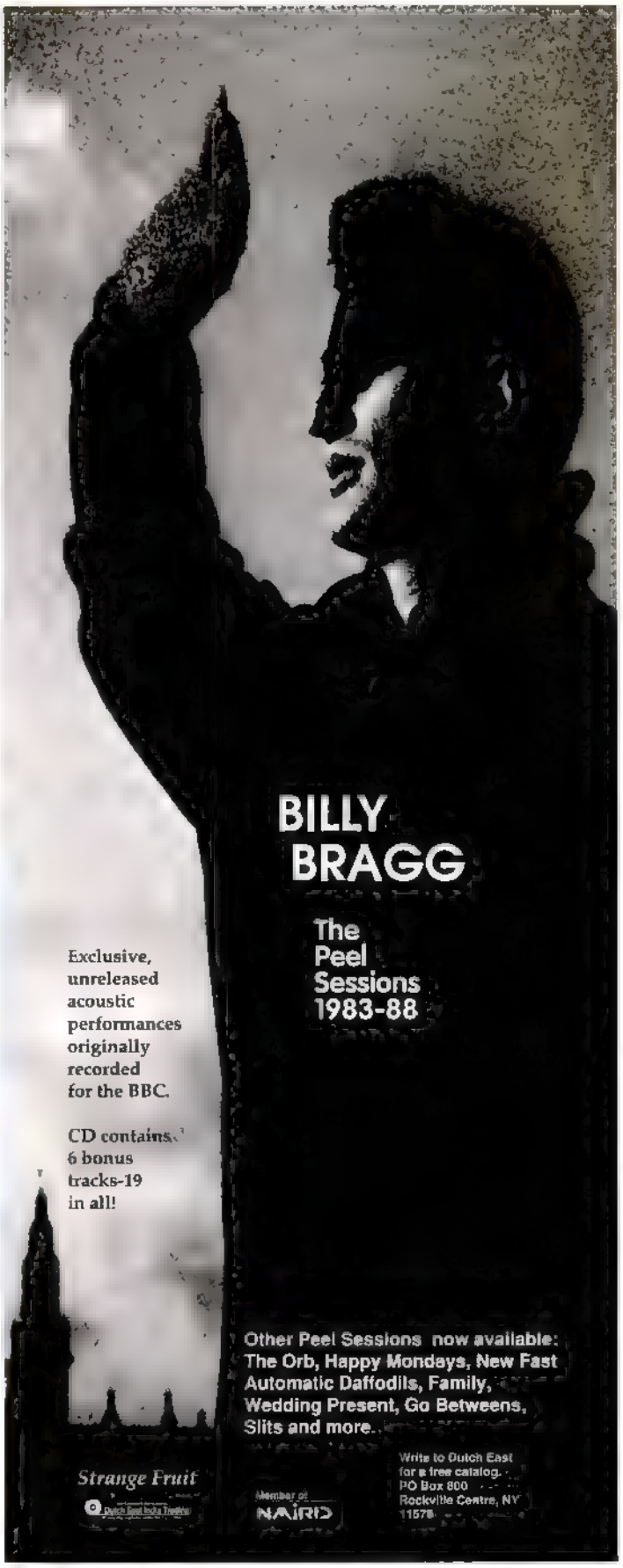
10) Gene Simmons really long tongue move. (Stick it out. Wiggle it around. Growl a lot. The chicks love this kind of thing—it shows your sensitivity.)

**TOP TEN PLACES THAT ONLY A LOSER GEEK WOULD GO TO ON SPRING BREAK WHILE AT THE BEACH**

10) The teen disco
9) The amusement park
8) The movies
7) The laundromat
6) The adult disco
5) The golf course
4) The wax museum
3) Any restaurant
2) Any store
1) The actual beach itself

**TEN TRICKS TO PLAY ON YOUR MAID IN YOUR MOTEL WHEN YOU'RE ON SPRING BREAK (ESPECIALLY IF SHE'S A BABE)**

10) Hang PLEASE MAKE UP ROOM EARLY sign on the door and lie down on the bed totally nude for when she comes in. Cool!
9) Blast Zeppelin really loud while she's trying to clean up your big mess.
8) Keep putting that SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION strip on the toilet after you use it so she'll think you're totally constipated the whole time you're there.
7) Tell her you're with the FBI and when she says, "No way," say, "Way. I'm a female body inspector."
6) Fill your bathtub up with sand and lie there on it totally nude for when she comes in.
5) Put a big glass of water upside down on the table so she can't move it without some major flood action.
4) Tell her your friend Jim in the room next door has a rare skin disease that is highly contagious and transmitted through contact with his bedsheets and towels.
3) Leave her a big tip. Yeah, right.
2) Ask her if she's seen that movie where the maid has sex with the guy in the motel who's on spring break.
1) Blow chunks all over the place.



BILLY BRAGG
The Peel Sessions 1983-88
Exclusive, unreleased acoustic performances originally recorded for the BBC.
CD contains 6 bonus tracks-19 in all!
Other Peel Sessions now available: The Orb, Happy Mondays, New Fast Automatic Daffodils, Family, Wedding Present, Go Betweens, Slits and more.
Strange Fruit
Dutch East India Trading
Member of NAIRD
Write to Dutch East for a free catalog. PO Box 800 Rockville Centre, NY 11571

# SPIN Campus Survey

**More than one out of every three SPIN readers is enrolled in college. What do students really think?**

Surveys are everywhere. When you go into places like Burger King, they give you a little card that asks you to rate how crispy the french fries were or whether the goofball at the counter pissed you off. But this particular survey—SPIN's second annual survey of college students in America—isn't about such trivialities. It's not about what you think of us, but what you think of yourself and the crazy ol' mixed-up world we live in. It's about life and death and love and sex and really important stuff like that. We let students cast votes for everything from whom they'd like to have in the White House to whom they'd like to have in bed and whom they'd like to have in their rifle sights.

SPIN has the highest concentration of readers in college of any national magazine. According to our multimedia, interdivisionary, compuscanned estimated reader audits, or whatever they are, more than a third of you are currently enrolled in institutions of higher learning. Don't feel left out if you're not, though. A couple of us here at SPIN remember going to school at one time or another, and it's really no big deal. But since you students are out there, and hopefully you're thinking, it's a big deal for us to know just what it is you're thinking about.

## Who Responded

Of the respondents, 58% were female, and the others were not. Nearly half (48%) were liberal-arts majors, with the rest relatively evenly distributed among everything from advertising and art to phys. ed. and physics. And 6% were as yet undecided. But that's okay—they still have time. As far as their age goes, though, they should have figured that out by now, but a whopping 19% wouldn't tell us when we asked. Respondees were virtually all between 18 and 22 years old.

Marriage-wise:

**97% were single and the rest were hitched**

Race-wise:

**85.0% were Caucasian**
**7.0% were African-American**
**2.0% were Asian**
**1.0% were Hispanic**
**0.4% were Native American**
**4.6% didn't choose any of our labels.**

Sexual hankering–wise:

**95.2% were heterosexual**
**2.5% were homosexual**
**2.2% were bisexual**

Family yearly income–wise:

**29.2% earned under $25,000**
**29.8% scratched out $25,000 to $40,000**
**17.6% made off with $40,000 to $60,000**
**13.3% bagged up $60,000 to $75,000**
**12.1% raked in over $75,000**

## Survey Says...

Our first question asked students to rank the importance of various topics on their campuses (with No. 1 as the most important). The issues run down the left side. The first column is the overall average of all rankings each topic got. Following in parentheses are the percentage of respondents who made the issue their most important; and the percentage who made it the least important.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Racism** | **6.6 (18.9%; 0.6%)** |
| **Jobs/Economy** | **6.7 (28.4%; 1.9%)** |
| **AIDS** | **7.0 (12.7%; 0.6%)** |
| **Environment** | **7.3 (12.9%; 1.2%)** |
| **Corruption in Business and Government** | **7.9 (10.0%; 1.9%)** |
| **Sexism** | **8.1 (4.4%; 0.0%)** |
| **Free Speech** | **8.5 (9.0%; 1.9%)** |
| **Drugs/Drug Legalization** | **8.6 (5.9%; 2.6%)** |
| **Abortion** | **8.6 (1.9%; 1.3%)** |
| **Homophobia** | **8.8 (5.7%; 5.0%)** |
| **No one cares much about anything** | **9.7 (32.0%; 34.4%)** |
| **Daytime Dramas** | **10.2 (6.7%; 12.7%)** |

The results don't contradict any other recession-era polls: for 28.4% of the students, jobs and the economy are the most important issue of the day. (So much for ivory towers.)

Nevertheless, racism was consistently rated highest overall, because few saw it as unimportant. Similar story for sexism. Even though few put it first, not one respondent dared to rank it last. Of the serious concerns, homophobia was ranked toward the bottom the most often, but that didn't keep AIDS from coming in near the top.

"No one cares much about anything" got the strongest and weakest reactions, even though nearly half of the respondents (47%) didn't even bother to include this apathy option in their rankings. Of those that did, nearly a third put it as the most important issue, while slightly more than a third put it last. "What does this mean?" you ask us? Hey man, who cares.

Next on the attitude patrol, we asked students to characterize the "opportunities for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in America." The recession-whipped said:

**Better than ever: 2.3%**
**Improving: 15.6%**
**Deteriorating: 74.3%**
**Worse than ever: 7.8%**

So three-quarters are doom and gloomers. Once you break it down by income, though, you find that none of the people in the richest bracket think that life in America is worse than ever. And they're also the ones most likely to believe it's improving (29.2% think so). The poor-

MARTIN MAYO

est group was most likely to rank life as worse now than they can ever remember.

Even though most think America is spiraling downward, 40.5% consider their prospects for finding a job after graduation to be "good." Another 43.1% consider their chances "fair." Only 16.4% are worried enough to answer "poor." They'll find out soon enough.

## Back to the Future

Another sign of disillusionment was the response to the question "Are we living in the most exciting time in history?": Yes, 38.5%; no, 61.5%. Nay-sayers were invited to choose some other time in which they'd rather live. Strangely enough, a lot of the same people who say life is deteriorating answered with "the future." Hang in there, guys, you're getting closer every minute.

The largest majority want to live in the 1960s (Oliver Stone fans, perhaps?). One 22-year-old male Bush supporter from Northeast Louisiana University wants to live in the "old western days," while another male, named Biff, would like to be around during the "time of Christ." A 19-year-old female who wants to have sex with "the luscious soccer player in my anthropology class" (see sex section below) longs for "the American Revolution period." One male, who has never had a homosexual experience, yet who'd like to have sex with SPIN's own Assistant to the Publisher, Matt Hanna, specifically enjoys the period from 1872 to 1914.

## Behind Closed Doors

Sure, there's no subject more boring than sex, but bear with us. We'll get to the presidential campaign stuff later.

First we gave everyone the chance to answer whether you should be in love with someone to have sex with them:

**Yes: 58.2% (♂ 42.3%; ♀ 70%)**
**No: 41.9% (♂ 57.7%; ♀ 30%)**

Then we told them to skip the following section if they'd never had sex. 18.2% skipped it.

How many sexual partners have you had?

**One: 21.2% (♂ 11.5%; ♀ 28.7%)**
**Two to five: 44.7% (♂ 39.7%; ♀ 48.5)**
**Six to ten: 15.6% (♂ 21.8%; ♀ 10.9%)**
**Ten to 15: 5.1% (♂ 10.3%; ♀ 3.0%)**
**More than 15: 4.5% (♂ 5.1%; ♀ 4.0%)**
**Too many to count: 7.8% (♂ 11.5%; ♀ 4.9%)**

Scientific conclusion: Boys sleep around more than girls. Or maybe they just lie—not lay—more.

Have you ever had a sexually transmitted disease?

**Yes: 5.4% (♂ 4.9%; ♀ 5.7%)**
**No: 94.6% (♂ 95.1%; ♀ 94.3%)**

Do you use birth control?

**All the time: 58.2% (♂ 47.5%; ♀ 66.7%)**
**Sometimes: 34.6% (♂ 47.5%; ♀ 24.5%)**
**Never: 7.1% (♂ 5.0%; ♀ 8.8%)**

If you use birth control, but sometimes not condoms, which is the most important reason for not using condoms:

**Condoms are less convenient than other forms of birth control: 40.7% (♂ 35.3%; ♀ 45.2%)**
**Condoms are less comfortable: 28.3% (♂ 39.2%; ♀ 19.4%)**
**Partner refuses: 17.7% (♂ 7.8%; ♀ 25.8%)**
**Not worried about sexually transmitted diseases: 12.4% (♂ 15.7%; ♀ 9.7%)**
**Embarrassed to buy condoms: 0.9% (♂ 2.0%; ♀ 0.0%)**
**Embarrassed to use condoms: 0.0%**

Marketing insight: Gentlemen prefer comfort, while convenience is a lady's best friend.

Have you ever had sex with someone of your own sex?

**Yes: 3.9% (♂ 3.8%; ♀ 3.9%)**
**No: 96.1% (♂ 96.2%; ♀ 96.1%)**

Two respondents who called them-


# FOR $2,299* YOU CAN LOOK LIKE YOU RIDE.

Clip-on ponytail $187.67

Studded belt $161.79

Earrings $15.00

Skull ring $15.00

Hair gel $7.99

Killer tattoo $552.00

Custom leather jacket $695.59

Snakeskin boots $574.51

Studded wrist bands $49.95

Dark, dark sunglasses $89.50

*Prices based on store surveys conducted in the Hollywood and Melrose areas, November 12, 1991.

selves homosexuals reported never having had same-sex experiences, while two heterosexuals did.

Have you ever had sex with someone of a different race?
**Yes: 25.1% (♂ 25%; ♀ 25.1%)**
**No: 74.9% (♂ 75%; ♀ 74.9%)**
Checked against the previous question: People with same-sex experiences are three times as likely to have had interracial affairs, and vice versa.

Have you ever had sex with an aquatic animal?
**Yes: 94.7%  No: 4.3%**
We didn't really ask that. We're just checking to see if you're paying attention.

Females, have you had an abortion?
**Yes: 10.2%  No: 89.8%**
**(Six males volunteered that they, too, *have never had an abortion.*)**

Has anyone ever forced you to have sex against your will?
**Yes: 14.5% (♂ 6.5%; ♀ 20.6%)**
**No: 85.5% (♂ 93.5%; ♀ 79.4%)**

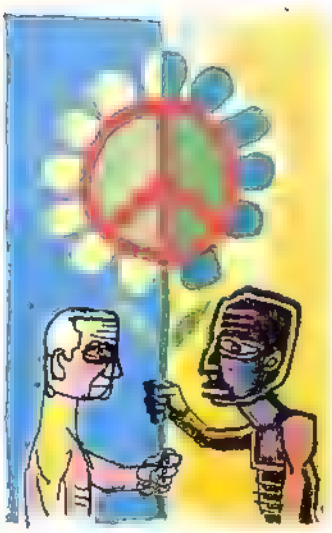
Have you forced anyone to have sex with you?
**Yes: 2.2% (♂ 2.5%; ♀ 1.9%)**
**No: 97.8% (♂ 97.5%; ♀ 98.1)**

Have you changed your sexual practices because of the AIDS threat?
**Yes: 50.5% (♂ 50%; ♀ 51%)**
**No: 49.5% (♂ 50%; ♀ 49%)**

Then we wanted to know "if you could have sex with *anyone* who would it be?" Many lovingly faithful people—now isn't this sweet?—respond "my boyfriend" or "my girlfriend." Yeah, right. Popular choices of those who didn't have their partners breathing down their necks while they filled out their surveys included Mel Gibson, Kelly Lynch, Winona Ryder, Cindy Crawford, Arnold Schwarzenegger, the "chick from Victoria's Secret," and Christina Applegate. A 19-year-old male math major informed us that he was "not concerned" with this opportunity, while one female art major told us that it was simply none of our business. We'll see about that.

## Things That Make You Go Hmmm

What role does religion play in your life?
**Ritual observance central to my life: 6.2%**
**Practice religion/attend services often: 25.1%**



**Maintain belief but don't attend services often: 48.5%**
**None at all: 18.2%**

What role does social protest play?
**Ritual protest central to my life: 0.9%**
**Regularly involved: 14.4%**
**Maintain idealism but don't speak up often: 50.0%**
**Don't maintain idealism but complain sometimes: 13.1%**
**None at all: 21.8%**
Sound right? Most people said they thought American opportunity is "deteriorating," most "don't speak up," and most "don't attend services often."

Optimism and protest. The sad ones who thought opportunity is "worse than ever" are the most likely to not protest at all, but also the only ones to check off "ritual protest central to my life."

Protest and religion. Religious involvement and social protest have a slight aversion: People who don't attend services are a little more likely to practice protest than those who do. Maybe the promise of heaven makes this world's problems seem less important.

Where do you get your news?
**Student newspaper: 5.2%**
**Daily newspaper: 29.2%**
***Entertainment Tonight*: 1.4%**
***Weekly World News*: 4.7%**
**Network News/CNN: 51.4%**
**Gossip: 5.0%**
Should marijuana use and cultivation be legalized?
**Yes: 41.3%  No: 58.7%**

Have you ever used illicit drugs?
**Yes: 46.3%  No: 53.7%**

Checking the religious and protest attitudes of drug users, we find that drug use and regular or ritual social protest seem to go together better than not (19.4% of drug users protest, versus 12.6% of the less experimental), while drug use and regular religion don't (60% of drug users don't attend religious services, versus 36.4% of those who have never used drugs).

Do you feel safe on campus?
**Yes: 87.3% (♂ 97.9%; ♀ 79.2%)**
**No: 12.7% (♂ 2.1%; ♀ 20.8%)**

The issue of date rape is:
**Exaggerated: 13.1%**
**(♂ 24.4%; ♀ 5.3%)**
**Understated: 55.7%**
**(♂ 42.2%; ♀ 64.9)**
**Being discussed appropriately: 31.2% (♂ 33.3; ♀ 29.7%)**

The issue of sexual harassment is:
**Exaggerated: 25.8%**
**(♂ 33.3%; ♀ 20.3%)**
**Understated: 43.0%**
**(♂ 31.2%; ♀ 51.6%)**
**Being discussed appropriately: 31.2% (♂ 35.5%; ♀ 28.1%)**

Should sex education be taught in schools?
**Yes: 97.0%  No: 3.0%**

Have you ever had an AIDS test?
**Yes: 17.1%  No: 82.9%**

When do you think there will be a cure for AIDS?
**Within your lifetime: 49.3%**
**Within five years: 7.8%**
**Within ten to 15 years: 30%**
**Never: 12.8%**

## Better Off Dead

Our respondents are overwhelmingly pro-choice: 82.3% think that abortion should remain legal. Murderers don't fare much better than unborn fetuses: 71% support the death penalty. Another majority—77.5%—are in favor of stricter gun-control laws. At the same time, 62.8% think it's never "morally justifiable to censor expression." But what if buying a gun and killing somebody is just a simple form of expression?

Question: If law and all moral inhibitions were suspended for just one day, who would you kill?

As with last year's survey, many people refused to answer except with high-hat stuff such as "It's not right to kill." Thank you all so much for clearing that up for us. Another overwhelming similarity to last year's survey was the number of people who'd kill Saddam Hussein, as well as the number who couldn't spell his name. Many others have it out for overexposed celebrities such as Hammer, Madonna, Vanilla Ice, Oliver Stone, Color Me Badd, Maury Povich, and the Pope. Some would try to do the world some service with this license to kill, knocking off "murderers and child abusers in prison," "psycho killers," "sexual assaulters," "Islamic terrorists," "ignorant people," Axl Rose, and David Duke. A brave University of Minnesota student would kill President Bush, "just so Quayle could be President." One 21-year-old art major from Rhode Island said she'd kill "anyone in my way of reaching my goals." Now here's a gal we'd like to put to work around SPIN.

## For Those About to Rock

According to those general estimate-type statistics we spoke of earlier, SPIN readers go to the record store (based on one-mile trips) enough times to travel to the moon and back. Well, to us that seems like a long way to go to buy a record, but we'll believe it if that's what they tell us.

We asked students to rank these music genres (with No. 1 as the most important):

| | |
|---|---|
| **Rock'n'roll** | **4.0 (30.2%; 0.5%)** |
| **Alternative Rock** | **4.8 (28.4%; 0.5%)** |
| **Top 40** | **5.7 (14.4%; 6.7%)** |
| **Dance** | **5.7 (8.9%; 2.1%)** |
| **Classical** | **5.9 (11.2%; 3.6%)** |
| **Jazz** | **6.2 (2.6%; 3.1%)** |
| **Rap** | **6.8 (6.6%; 15.0%)** |
| **World Music** | **7.3 (11.3%; 0.6%)** |
| **Metal** | **7.4 (7.1%; 20.2%)** |
| **Country** | **7.8 (6.0%; 23.5%)** |

Note that if rap hadn't gotten so many negative votes it would have beaten out jazz and classical—two genres that elicited little hostility. Heavy metal and country suffered for similar reasons. Alternative rock could have fared a little better, too, considering that it's supposed to be the music of college students.

The quality of my favorite kind of music today is:
**Better than ever: 29.2%**
**Improving: 49.1%**
**Deteriorating: 20.3%**
**Worse than ever: 1.3%**
We compared people's attitudes toward music with their attitudes toward life in America, and found that people who think America is getting worse tend to think music is getting better. Half of the people who said American life is "worse than ever"

MARTIN MAYO

think their favorite kind of music is "better than ever." Slightly more than half (51.9%) who think life is "deteriorating" think music is "improving." Those who think America is getting better tend to think that music isn't.

Dance-music patrons are the happiest with their music. Over half (52.9%) think it's better than ever, followed in positive karma by metal fans, 38.5% of whom think the music has never been better. Meanwhile, rock'n'roll buffs are the most nostalgic, beating out classical and jazz—almost a third (32.2%) say their music is deteriorating.

What role does music play in your life?

**Essential to my daily life: 66.4%**
**Would miss it if I couldn't have it: 30.1%**
**Wouldn't miss it: 3.5%**

What would a world without music be like? For most, it seems, unbearable—music makes the world go round for just about two-thirds of the respondents. One question we wish we'd thought to include for the stoic 3.5% of the respondents: If you wouldn't miss music, what *would* you miss? Politics, maybe?

## Losing My Election

President Bush and his band of merry men are back on the campaign trail this year. Oh, you forgot? You figured politics would go away if you avoided it? It doesn't work that way, unfortunately. We're all responsible for who winds up in the *Maison Blanc*. How many of our lovely respondents feel responsible, and of those that do, who is proud of the system? Read on.

Will you vote the next time you can?

**Yes: 87.2%  No: 12.8%**

Do you think your politicians represent your needs?

**Yes: 14.3%  No: 85.7%**

People distributed themselves quite evenly across the political spectrum.

**Democrat: 21.4%**
**Republican: 20.1%**
**Middle of the road: 18.8%**
**Independent: 19.6%**
**None of these: 20.1%**

As far as what people think the major issues of the 1992 election should be, there were no surprises at all, except that everyone who answered took the question seriously. Economy and unemployment were the big winners. Education, AIDS, crime, drugs, and general domestic issues all fared well. People overwhelmingly think these issues won't be properly handled.

Celebrities fared quite well in the running, proving that this country is going to hell in a handbasket. President Sting? Or how about Mel Gibson, Bono, Pee Wee Herman, Madonna, Kevin Costner, Ice-T with Jello Biafra, and Magic Johnson? One 20-year-old female wants Geraldine Ferraro to run, but believes that Arnold Schwarzenegger is the best declared candidate.

Even though Mario Cuomo had not yet declared his noncandidacy when the survey was taken, many of the more serious people listed him as their favorite declared candidate. Bill Clinton is the overwhelming favorite of Democratic youth. You heard it here first. George Bush would be reelected by a slim plurality if this survey were the election—and just think of all the BS that would be avoided. Of the only two Tom Harkin supporters, one said Cuomo should run, the other said David Duke.

David Duke had a few other supporters. One Duke fan, a 23-year-old health care major who's concerned about "reverse discrimination," would love to have sex with Vanessa Williams and longs to kill Spike Lee "with a dull, rusty knife." We're sending this student's address to Public Enemy.

Other people are downright desperate, willing to cast a vote for "anyone with morals" or "anyone qualified." Other nonspecific candidate requests included "a black woman," "a Christian woman," "a businessman—not," "a middle-class person," an "average guy," and an "apolitical scientist." Some would prefer a real brain in the White House, such as Stephen Hawkins or Carl Sagan (instead of a thousand points of light maybe he'd have "*billllions* and *billllions* of points of light"). The Sagan supporter also expresses a desire to have sex with Jesus, and when asked whom she'd kill, answered "you."

**Text: Mark Blackwell; number crunching: Nathaniel Wice; survey distribution: USC student Monica Costello, with the help of fellow classmates Any Barcomb, Jill Jauch, and Dennis Sheeley.**


OR YOU CAN RIDE.

Nighthawk At $2,299* you don't have to fake it anymore. Our 1992 Honda Nighthawk® is aggressive, reliable and quick enough to peel the snakeskin off a pair of boots. It even comes with a first-time buyer's program† to help you get on one. So lose the ponytail and buy some real attitude. See your dealer about free MSF rider training through the new Honda Rider's Club. Please ride responsibly and read your owner's manual.

HONDA
Come ride with us.

Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. *Suggested retail price. Taxes, title, options and freight not included. †Financing available through AHFC at participating dealers to qualified customers. California version differs slightly due to emissions equipment. Nighthawk is a registered Honda trademark. For a free brochure, see your Honda Dealer or write: American Honda, Dept. 92, P.O. Box 7055, No. Hollywood, CA 91609-7055. © 1991 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (3-92)

# confessions of a

**BOB MACK justifies his love for Canada's prog-rock pariahs.**

Rush?

Yes, Rush. Not the movie or the B.A.D. II song. Certainly not "Rush Rush" by Paula Abdul or *Rush Street* by Richard Marx. And not even Frank Marino and Mahogany Rush. Just plain ol' eternally unfashionable, the-guy-with-a-high-voice-singing-scary-songs Rush.

So what in God's name is it doing in SPIN, a publication nominally devoted to alternative music? Well, I could go on about how Rush really *is* an alternative for lots of suburban loners, at least in the context of classic-rock overkill. About how it is the ultimate punk band for people who think punk was bogus. But basically the bottom line is this: Even though you may think Rush is uncool, it's influenced a lot of the bands and artists that you probably think *are* cool.

Not the old fogies like Randy Newman, Nick Lowe, and Billy Joel (who apologized to Geddy Lee for missing the band's L.A. shows a few years ago). And not the cheeseball metal dudes like Queensrÿche who, for example, now employ Rush's former producer, lighting director, and video director. We're talking about some of the more critically praised and commercially successful groups of our era.

It all started a couple of years ago at those same L.A. shows that Billy Joel missed. Vernon Reid of Living Colour told Neil Peart that Rush had shown him that "a band could make it the way they wanted to." Peart was profoundly flattered because, he recalls, "I was so worried five years ago that we wouldn't leave any mark, that it was all for nothing."

Pretty soon anybody who played smart hard rock was being compared to the Canadian power trio: Metallica, Voivod, King's X, Faith No More, Jane's Addiction, Fishbone, Primus (Rush's current opening act), and even Guns N' Roses. Hip cartoonists Los Bros Hernandez created a kid drummer in *Love and Rockets* who wore a NEIL PEART IS RAD T-shirt; alt-rock goddess Kim Deal of the Pixies often wears *her* Rush tour T-shirt onstage. Flea of the Red Hot Chili Peppers even got his start in a band called Anthym (probably taking its *y* from the first name of Ayn Rand, individualist author of *Anthem*, which became the title of a 1974 Rush song).

While it's almost understandable that fellow musicians have come to give drummer-lyricist Peart, bassist-vocalist-keyboardist Lee, and guitarist Alex Lifeson their due, it's nothing short of a miracle that critics are starting to come around, too. When I wrote my first defense of Rush for the *Village Voice* in 1985, I was responding to colleague Chuck Eddy's slurs on the band. By the decade's end, Eddy had come around, calling it "the secret rock critic influence of 1989–90" and adding Sinéad O'Connor, Midnight Oil, and Megadeth to the list of disciples.

And yet, if 1991 was the year that Rush returned with an album, *Roll the Bones*, that entered the *Billboard* chart at No. 3, tour dates that sold out during a depression, and an updated sound that included a rap that wasn't half as goofy as Michael Jackson's or Michael Stipe's, I still couldn't help feeling a bit ambivalent. . . .

NEIL, I HOPE YOU REALIZE YOUR FACE IS DANGERously close to a pair of Damn Yankees promotional panties," I say.

Neil Peart, who is sitting in my sparsely furnished apartment, laughs and launches into a good-natured anecdote about the band. In addition to ambivalence, I feel guilt about how lucky I am to have the lanky drummer over to my pad. Rush fanatics would give their eyeteeth to be in my sitch, and there I was trying to play it cool. It is the night off before the band's two shows at Madison Square Garden last December. Nursing a cold, Peart is nonetheless in good humor, especially while imitating a typical girlfriend at a Rush show. "Sometimes, you see this [*exaggeratedly feigns sleep*]. Sometimes this [*tugs on sleeve*]. But the other day Geddy and I saw this one girl literally hitting this guy."

With this in mind, I take the cutest young intern I can find at our office to the next night's show. She enjoys but doesn't love it and is amazed at how "well-behaved" the audience is. She is, however, impressed by how "real" Peart is when we meet him backstage. The only celebs present are John McEnroe and Tatum O'Neal. O'Neal says, "I really liked your drum solo" to Peart, who smiles and mumbles some pleasantries while I whisper, "Excuse me, but I've got to go call the gossip columnist at the *New York Post*." He hits me.

AFTER SPENDING THE ENTIRE DAY IN HIS HOTEL room reading the Sunday *Times*, Peart orders two glasses of dry sherry, tells me of how he's practicing to records by a Brazilian drummer named Milton Banana these days, and puts on Maceo Parker's 11-minute instrumental version of "It's a Man's World," retitled "Children's World."

Peart is seen as the ogre of the group, and granted, Lifeson (his pastimes are golfing and Pearl Jam) and Lee (rotisserie baseball and Nat "King" Cole) are far less intense; but it's Peart who want-

# rush fan

ed to do the rap, and who is able to drop trendy names like Massive Attack into the conversation. Even so, he's *still* Neal Peart, whose rugged individualism makes Metallica's James Hetfield seem like a Commie by comparison.

I had set out to really grill the guy, but from the outset he takes control of the conversation. First he lays down his premises: Peart believes in "standards of quality" and "progress, though not linear"; for the most part, "there are no failures of talent, only failures of character"; it's also true that "first we must acquire the virtues and then eliminate the vices." He then quotes Duke Ellington's dictum that "there are only two types of music—good and bad."

Eventually, though, we get more specific. Talking about the situation in Eastern Europe, the man who wrote "Free Will" concedes, "If I had been born in Bulgaria, no matter how much free will I'd have wished to apply, it would've been worthless." It is this hopelessness, which Peart also finds in the AIDS situation, that fills him with an enormous resentment. "My response is always anger. It's so gratuitous. There's no reason, no fault, no blame."

I wondered if this cosmic capriciousness frustrated his white, Western, male, middle-class, and middle-brow nature. "The basic questions I ask in *Roll the Bones*—'Why are we here?' 'Why does it happen?'—are the wrong questions. It's 'What can we do about it?' "

The Maceo jam climaxes, and I tell Peart that when I saw the sax master recently in concert he said that funk was "happy music." In those terms, where does Peart see Rush's music fitting in?

"At its best, it's inspiring. Who's that guy in Seattle that pitched a no-hitter? He'd played his drums that day and when he was out there pitching, he was thinking of Rush songs. When I was writing 'The Pass' [a 1989 song about teen suicide], some kids told me that people who are truly suicidal listen to Pink Floyd. Rush is seen as hopeful music."

For the many who see Rush's music as hope*less*, the pyrotechnic sticksman has a surprising tolerance. "It's fine for people to say they hate us—that our music is too busy, self-absorbed, elevated. Or they hate Geddy's voice. Fine. That's a taste thing."

Actually it's more than a taste thing. After all, as Duke would ask, "Is it good or is it bad?" At this point, Peart stops backpedaling and defends his honor. "Rhythm is the basis of a lot of musical styles. To Rush, it's just an element. That's why we're accused of being too busy, too convoluted, too far-reaching. Yes, we're restless, and yes, our work is uneven—but no one can ever question the sincerity of the attempt."

No one was questioning the sincerity of the attempt, at least not in this room. I just wanted to know if Rush's '70s-style eclecticism was still relevant. Back in high school, it certainly had been. With its mix of power pop, barroom piano, and mock reggae, "The Spirit of Radio" had been the perfect antidote to the skinny-tie ska geeks and anemic new wavers. But is the funk, folk, and rap of "Roll the Bones" just as effective in 1992? Peart, unflappable as ever, is free of doubt.

" 'The Spirit of Radio' is a valid musical gumbo, even now. The concept was to combine styles in a radical way to represent what radio should be. I think we really nailed that with 'Roll the Bones' as well. And it's happening on the fringe of pop music—like Faith No More. They're not afraid to head off in a strange direction within a song. But it's still unacceptable in the mainstream. There's this strange intolerance among music fans."

Valid musical gumbo? I'd still buy that for a dollar.



ANDREW McNAUGHTON

**FCC censorship, mainstream pressures, and the crummy economy are threatening college radio's free ride. There's only one sure-fire way to survive: Get top dollar with SPIN's guide to selling out. By WUSC's KIPP SHIVES.**

# college radio: the end of innocence

College radio really came into its own in the late '70s when commercial rock stations—AOR, or album-oriented radio—first nailed down their audiences. You know, that station in every town that is the "home of rock'n'roll."

The world was a simpler place in the lazy days before MTV. The mainstream was the mainstream, and the alternative was not. No one cared what college DJs played because there was no money in it. The golden age of college radio nurtured everyone from R.E.M., U2, and the Replacements to Hüsker Dü, Sonic Youth, and Soul Asylum.

Then came MTV. MTV began colonizing the playlists of alternative radio. The aforementioned bands, and more recently Jane's Addiction, Metallica, and Nirvana, became stars. This meant that college radio DJs, starting in the late '80s, had to work harder and harder to stay ahead of popular taste.

Success has inevitably changed this kind of music. College radio is losing its innocence as more and more of its world is subject to the bottom-line calculations of corporate profit.

With such irreversible commercial forces at work, you've got to join 'em to beat 'em. If you're going to sell out, you may as well get a good price. Hence . . .

## THE SPIN GUIDE TO SELLING OUT

### YOUR STATION: WUSS

So your school has a radio station, WUSS. As Mussolini once said, seize the means of communication. Or was that Ted Turner?

WUSS's squandered commercial potential gives you shudders. During the fattest airtime—the all-important morning market—WUSS plays hours of outtakes from Paul Simon's drum machine. Eight days a week. The afternoon rock program, *Ear Hertz*, has an explicit policy against playing anything that anyone would ever recognize. As a practical joke someone once slipped "Stairway to Heaven" into a Monster Magnet sleeve. Nobody laughed.

### MUSIC DIRECTOR

You can't do anything until you're the station music director. Most stations have annual elections for this position. If you're too unpopular to win a vote, cheat somehow. It's good practice for later on.

There are two kinds of music director: 1) Those who get jobs at big record companies, therefore betraying everything they ever claimed to stand for; 2) Those who never get a decent job, therefore proving completely ineffectual at what they ever claimed to stand for.

Once you're music director, indulge in music director self-righteousness—so long as there's something in it for you. Give the DJs reason to live by challenging them with a new rule: No song shall be played twice in the same decade. With the DJs distracted, you'll have more time to schmooze with the big city publicists. Now you're getting warmer.

### PUBLICISTS

Publicists are the outermost circle of hell. Your new buddies will send you promotional merchandise with high resale value: T-shirts, CDs, concert tickets, and limited-edition air fresheners. Pawning this stuff at local record stores is small potatoes, but you've got to start somewhere. Never forget that you're going to need a *real* job when the college meal ticket runs out.

The easiest way to keep publicists happy is to make them look like they're actually doing something. Their bosses measure success by the *College Music Journal* (*CMJ*) playlists. These are compiled from the reports of music directors all over the country. Ransom your weekly reports off to the highest cash bidder. Don't worry about their accuracy—everyone knows that no *CMJ* reader would be caught dead actually listening to the radio.

### TOP 40

If you like the alternative marketing types who worry about Dinosaur Jr.'s position on the *CMJ* playlists, you're going to love the people who push Paula Abdul and Bryan Adams. Hammer time! Refuse to tolerate your DJs' blatant discrimination against a new album just because it went platinum in ten minutes. If they complain, threaten to replace them with Rush Limbaugh. Threaten the same if the little shits curse—the new FCC enforcement can be a bitch.

With your new Top Six format, you can also sell off the station's vinyl library. Act fast before the only people left with turntables are living on the street in cardboard boxes.

### HUSH MONEY

Scream and yell until you get yours.

### SELLING OFF

Why sell out if you can sell off the station? The educational FCC license, transmitter, and other equipment will probably fetch thousands on the open market. Even though the left-of-the-dial frequencies are reserved by the FCC for noncommercial use, this doesn't stop you from soliciting contributions and repeating the catchphrase of an underwriting corporation. If you don't have the stomach to rip off contributors, sell the station to someone who does. Fundamentalist groups are waiting in the wings.

### PROMOSEXUALS

Those who manage to live entirely off the kindness of publicists earn the title of "promosexual." As a point of honor, promosexuals do not pay for their own food, clothes, entertainment, or travel. Ever.

JAIME BIONDO

©1991 TDK ELECTRONICS CORP

# What Every Other Audio Tape Would Love To Be Able To Reproduce.

*When Audio magazine subjected 88 different audio tapes to the most grueling performance tests imaginable, TDK recorded two victories no other high bias audio cassette could. The TDK SA-X was proven to have not only the widest dynamic range, but the lowest noise. Which means it can give you more highs, more lows, more music. With less hiss than any other high bias audio cassette And no distortion. So if anybody tries to convince you their tape is the best, there are only two things you need to know. Number one, they're not. And number one, we are.*

TDK.
As Serious As You Can Get.

# little teddy, happy at last

**Teddy Riley, the inventor of new jack swing, was the producer Michael Jackson chose to help him cross over—to a black audience. JONATHAN BERNSTEIN lends an ear.**

THE FUTURE IS IN VIRGINIA Beach. Pass the hardware store and before you get to Gus and George's Steakhouse you pull in behind the local vet's. There, beyond the massive satellite dish and the row of red and black Porsches (one bearing the license plate NEWJAK1), is The Future.

The Future is a lushly appointed studio complex, the safe house to which rhythm visionary Teddy Riley escaped when the roller coaster ride of his career got too wild. Raised in Harlem's St. Nicholas projects, the teenage Riley attended Manhattan College of Music but got his real musical education accompanying rappers and DJs in park parties, picking out lines on his portable keyboard. Turning his hand to production, the maverick knob man quickly went on to concoct the collision of spring-heeled drum programs and skittery keyboard lines that came to be revered as new jack swing. Riley's potent combination not only gave the priapic likes of Keith Sweat, Al B. Sure!, and Bobby Brown a toehold in the previously unctuous male soul arena, but it also bestowed commercial longevity on initially limited hip hop acts, most notably Heavy D.

The rap-shy urban airwaves succumbed instantly. For 18 months from the summer of 1988, Teddy Riley was the major player providing the backbeat to your life; only the Soul II Soul shuffle came close in terms of influence and omnipotence. ("You're saying Jazzie B?" interrupts Teddy, somewhat incredulously, looking up from his mixing desk.) Riley, then, saw his latest client Michael Jackson as just a natural progression.

Bobby Brown's supposed to be showing up at The Future today to hear one of a dozen songs Riley and new partner Bernard Bell (in a conversation-stopping bottle-green Hornets track suit) have created for Brown's third album. While the pair wait, Teddy casually mentions that Michael's just asked him to remix "Black or White" to enhance the tune's appeal to black radio. In a rare display of negativity the soft-spoken 24-year-old complains, "I hate this bit," launching into withering parody of Slash's Keith Richards parody. "I'm going do it like *boom-cha-boom-boom* . . . Black! *boom* . . . or white!"

Though scathing in his summation of *Dangerous*'s lead-off single, Riley's quick to defend his own work with the planet's premier pop star: "'Jam' is a classic, 'Can't Let Her Get Away' is a classic, 'Remember the Time' is a classic." In addition to receiving, reportedly, upward of $2 million for his seven-song contribution to the Jackson project, Riley recently conceived his own label, The Future, whose roster currently boasts female outfit Girlstown ("my five Barbie dolls") and Brock Sellers, described by his employer as a one-man Kraftwerk with drum pads built into his suit.

Unlike Michael Jackson, who's in most respects the man in his mirror, Riley wants no truck with the machinations of the business end of music, having been heavily bruised by reality on two previous occasions. In 1990, longtime manager and mentor Gene Griffin was alleged to have siphoned his charge's profits, something Teddy refers to obliquely when discussing his relationship with the acts on his own label. "If an artist wants me to be part of the management, I'll take, like, 1 percent. I'm not going to ask for no big 10 or 20 percent. They're the artists, their music is the star. Let me earn what I'm supposed to earn out of what I do."

More recently, Riley's group Guy dissolved in acrimony over priorities, attitude, and ego (The Future is named after Guy's second and probably last album). While Riley touches on record companies ("We didn't cross over because why put your 100 percent into something when you don't get it back?") and copycat rival acts ("Bell Biv DeVoe's 'Do Me' and 'Poison' sound like my songs 'Spend the Night' and 'My Fantasy' "), he blames Guy's lack of success on the individuals involved. "You get three men together, it's like getting three females together. They can't live together unless all egos are at a level directly the same. I've been trying to work with this for four, actually for eight years. I do love them [front men Damian and Aaron Hall], but inside the music business we cannot get along."

While he lacks Michael Jackson's boardroom blood lust, Riley shares the singer's view of music as both a tool to heal global ills and as a nifty method of shifting sportswear and soft drinks. Still waiting for Bobby Brown to show, Teddy enthuses volubly over the commercial uses to which some of his tunes might be put. "I could use 'Her': 'Coke—check the one I wanna get with.' Or 'We Got Our Own Thang':'Coke—we got our own thing.' "

Demonstrating the Vocalist keyboard on which he builds his densely layered harmonies, Riley remarks, "Only two people use this, me and Stevie Wonder. You know that song he does?" He launches into a melody and the vocal line—"This is my funny day"—and I nod along, resigned to the fact that skipping the last two sides of *The Secret Life of Plants* was bound to catch up with me one day. Next day I hear the very same song coming from a nearby TV. It's Wonder's Sony commercial.

Having been hurt by people close to him, has Teddy Riley run away and locked himself in his studio? "One thing about me," he says. "I never have an ego. I'm still the same person I always was. People always see me as Little Teddy. I never lose touch with where I came from. When it gets hectic, then I got to go away."

PEACHTREE KEY LARGO BLUESBERRY TRIPLE SEC PEPPERMINT CINNAMON

OLD TAVERN ROOTBEER MOUNTAIN STRAWBERRY APPLE BARREL MELON LIQUEUR CRANTASIA PEACHTREE

**Peppermint Schnapps.** And over 40 other flavors to boot.

WILDERBERRY PEPPERMINT 100 TRIPLE SEC SPEARMINT BLUESBERRY HOT DAMN! BUTTERSHOTS

CACTUS JUICE KEY LARGO BUTTERSHOTS RAZZMATAZZ HOT DAMN!

DEKUYPER

DeKuyper® Peppermint Schnapps Liqueur, 30% alc./vol. Bottled by John DeKuyper and Son, Elmwood Place, OH ©1991 Jim Beam Brands Co.

# ANTIHERO ON CAMPUS IN COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, SPIN HEARD FROM THE FRESHEST WAVE OF THE '90S GENERATION. The announcement flyer that read SEX, DRUGS, AND ROCK'N'ROLL was half jest, half serious. A mass of students

came into the Russell House theater at the University of South Carolina to face the SPIN team that had come to edit this second annual campus issue, with generous support from the journalism department and Dr. Leara Rhodes, assistant professor and magazine megaguru.

Throwing the discussion wide open, SPIN editor and publisher Bob Guccione, Jr., and executive editor Michael Pakenham asked for ideas as well as questions, politics as well as pleasures.

SPIN on location, *from left*: Nathaniel Wice, Michael Pakenham, Bob Guccione, Jr., Celia Farber, Mark Blackwell, and Steven Daly

It was a fast-moving evening, with lots of give and a lot more take. We tackled AIDS, drug legalization, and most candidly, SPIN's own views of itself and its principal editorial focus, new music. Into the fray came a passionate promotion of the cryptic forecasts of Nostradamus, four or five total-conspiracy theories, and a good deal of lively language.

From a transcript roughly seven times this long, we have excerpted the following—an earnest attempt to capture the vitality and the flavor of a marvelous campus experience, as well as a reasonable sampling of the very heady substance.

Beside Guccione and Pakenham, SPIN editors Celia Farber, Steven Daly, Lauren Spencer, Jim Greer, Scott Poulson-Bryant, Mark Blackwell, and Nathaniel Wice were in attendance.

## SEX

**Bob Guccione, Jr.:** How many people here think AIDS is serious enough to actually influence your life? Who isn't concerned? (*Everyone in room raises hand except a couple in the front row.*) You two? Is there anyone else besides the only two monogamous people in Columbia? What about mandatory testing?

**Student:** Many people who make the disease the most susceptible to others, like dentists, doctors, paramedics—people who deal with blood—*should* be tested.

**Student:** Mandatory testing would be a complete invasion of someone's privacy. No one has any right to go into your house or make you go to a hospital, and then say, "I'm going to stick this

needle in you and test your blood for this disease."

**Student:** The problem of AIDS testing boils down to the major breakdown in our educational system today, where we're ignoring what is ugly in our society.

**Student:** As the disease grows in scope there really needs to be a lot of serious pressure on legislators not to let this panic spread so it gets to the point where we have no rights at all.

**Celia Farber:** One thing SPIN's been trying to stress over the years is that if you are HIV positive, it isn't necessarily a death sentence. The connection between HIV antibodies and AIDS has been really exaggerated in the mainstream media. Chances are good and getting better every day that you can live many, many, many years with HIV and possibly even never come down with AIDS.

**Student:** But if you're HIV positive, you're still a carrier. So you can give it to somebody and they can get a full-blown case of AIDS even though the carrier didn't have a full-blown case; he still has the ability to infect just as much as anybody with a full-blown case of AIDS. Is that right?

**Farber:** The current wisdom is that it's an infectious disease, yes. There's a fine line to tread between caution and hysteria; so far it's been on the side of hysteria. HIV does not transmit very easily.

**Student:** You guys are talking about how it's not been given enough importance and everybody's ignoring it. So it seems you're saying that it should be treated with more of the hysteria reaction.

**Farber:** There's a difference between the public and the official response to AIDS. The problem is not a lack of money, but that it's not being handled by the most competent and intelligent scientists. And that's why I think we're not getting anywhere on it.

Sometimes all people learn about AIDS is from events like Magic Johnson's announcement. The astonishing thing about AIDS is that almost nothing about the common public perception of it is quite true.

**Nathaniel Wice:** On that point, Magic Johnson explained on the *Arsenio Hall Show* that he contracted the HIV virus from sleeping with a lot of women. But when I went to get an AIDS test last spring, my doctor went through what the risks groups were and it turned out I wasn't in any. He told me it would be a waste of money to get an AIDS test. Doesn't this suggest that the Magic Johnson case is more about homophobia or bisexuality than it is about—

**Student:** —So you're saying that maybe Magic Johnson is bisexual?

**Guccione:** What we're saying is we don't know.

**Farber:** Statistically, it's extremely rare for heterosexual men to contract HIV from women, and that's something that the public health authorities don't want to put out. He could be an exception, he could be the beginning of a wave of cases that are coming in. I'm just saying that it's almost unprecedented.

**Guccione:** We're not saying have unprotected sex, heterosexual males can't get it. We're saying that there's so many unanswered questions and SPIN is one of the very few news organizations at all, of any kind, that's actually repeating the questions. We believe that there's so much unknown about the virus and the way it's communicated.

**Student:** You were talking about zero cases of men getting AIDS through heterosexual sex. But a large number of the known prostitutes in Miami have HIV or AIDS. The fact of the matter is, and I don't think that a lot of men are doing this, but they aren't taking responsibility. I think it is each and every male's responsibility to utilize a condom.

Today I overheard two morons talking out on the patio at the student union. This poor guy got this young lady pregnant and now that she's hemorrhaging and she can't have an abortion, poor him. Well, what about her? Each and every one of us males: If you're going to screw around and not use a condom, you're not only jeopardizing yourself but you're jeopardizing that person you're with. This isn't about federal, state, and county programs. People need to start looking up and saying, "Look, damn it, you need to go and be responsible."

**Farber:** I couldn't agree more. I think every one of us should use condoms. But what I'm saying is that it is wrong for the public health authorities, or the government, or special interest groups to use Magic Johnson and say, "See, now heterosexuals can get AIDS." Of course they can. But we still don't know what the disease is, and how it transmits. I want to know why it hasn't spread more. The prostitutes in Miami you mentioned—why haven't those prostitutes given it to their customers? I would like to know that. We should separate the scientific knowledge from the political implications of the knowledge. And I think the Magic Johnson story is being manipulated.

**"We are not being represented by any of our politicians right now. That is a joke. We're having to make decisions—like the whole thing with David Duke—by choosing the lesser of two evils. We're not being represented politically on any levels."**

Vox populi à la University of South Carolina.

**DRUGS**

**Michael Pakenham:** By a show of hands, how many of you think state and federal law should legalize all drugs? (*Approximately 20 percent of the audience raise hands.*) How many people think that all soft drugs should be legalized? (*Approximately 80 percent raise hands.*)

**Student:** From AIDS, to legalization of drugs, to musical preferences, censorship, it all comes back to individual responsibility: It's your responsibility to wear a condom, it's your responsibility to go out and vote, it's your responsibility to use drugs creatively and, um, professionally—if you want to use that term—so you don't harm others.

**Student:** But when people are absolutely closeminded against the possibility of legalizing any drugs, I think it's that they don't want to *encourage* drug use. That's why they prohibit it.

**Student:** But if you're not going to arrest drug users, maybe more addicts would get help. You don't necessarily encourage everything you don't condemn. There's a gray area.

**Student:** If something is not criminal, that means that society as a whole is leaving that decision up to you the individual, not that the government is making the decision for you.

**Student:** If the government can say, "Oh yeah, drinking is acceptable and smoking is acceptable," then how come pot and smoking pot is unacceptable completely. I mean, I see it as being a total blindness and ignorance.

**Student:** The cigarette and alcohol lobbies in Washington, D.C., have a lot of control. It's a big industry, and a lot of people are making a lot of money. They've got influence.

**Farber:** It's really frightening when you start to investigate how entwined all the interests are. And it all comes down to money. If our government really wanted to do something about drugs they could have and they would have and they haven't. And their war on drugs is bullshit and everybody knows it.

**Guccione:** How many people here think crime associated with drugs would disappear completely if drugs were legalized? (*Overwhelming show of hands.*)

**Wise:** So if everyone in this room believes that, why aren't there any politicians saying that?

**Student:** We are not being represented by any of our politicians right now. That is a joke. You know, right now we're having to make decisions—like the whole thing with David Duke—by choosing the lesser of two evils. We're not being represented politically on any levels.

**Pakenham:** How many people are going to vote for a presidential candidate next year? (*Virtually everyone raises hands.*) How many of you that are going to vote are going to be very enthusiastic about that candidate? (*Virtually no one.*)

**Guccione:** So how many of you think that the quality of life emotionally, physically, environmentally, economically, and spiritually and everything else is going to improve in the next ten years? (*Some hands go up.*) For the record, 20 percent max—maybe 15 percent—think that our situation will improve.

## ROCK'N'ROLL

**Student:** How come a lot of times when I read in music magazines about bands like 24-7 Spyz, Fishbone, Follow for Now, and others like that—how come they always have to say that they are black rock bands and they have to mention Living Colour? I mean, I hate that. I've seen it in SPIN before. I've seen it in many magazines. Music knows no color as far as I'm concerned.

**Jim Greer:** It's a good question. The vast majority of music writers are middle-class white boys like me, and they feel really self-conscious about what they're writing about and so, you know, they're more self-conscious about the issue of race than, for instance, probably Scott would be writing about the same band. I don't know, Scott, would you mention it if you were writing about 24-7 Spyz?

**Scott Poulson-Bryant:** I'm different from Michael Jackson, I think it does matter if you're black or white. Bands like Follow for Now, Living Colour, Eye & I, and all those black rock groups are inseparable from some bad things that have happened in the past and the way rock'n'roll has been co-opted. I guess if you know that much, if you know about these bands, you know about the history of why, and I think it's important to remember that these are black people doing it. In some sense they are attempting to recapture something that was lost. And I think race is a big part of that. It's important to recognize that these bands are black.

**Student:** I think your articles about those bands are great, and they say how their color pertains to their music and where their music's coming from. But a lot of times the record reviews don't expand, explain enough.

**Greer:** You know, if a band is made up of all girls you say that it's made up of all girls. Or women. If it's made up of armadillos, we mention that. Eventually we will get to the point where it doesn't matter—the race, the sex, the species, none of that will matter. But at this point, it's definitely culturally relevant, and I guess in the content of an 150-word record review, or even a 300-word record review, you don't have a lot of space to go on about the way race or whatever relates to the music.

**Poulson-Bryant:** And bands that refer to themselves as black may also have something else to say.

**Student:** Can I ask why usually your covers are very predictable? You claim to cover alternative music, yet it's very predictable what you review. It depends how you define *alternative*. You usually define alternative as college music. So you cover a lot of stuff that you can't hear on mainstream radio but you can still see on MTV's *120 Minutes*. I'd like SPIN to write about things that I would *really* have to dig to find. That's why I would really come to you. Otherwise I would read *Rolling Stone* and get a review of the new Cult album. I don't want to read about an anonymous grunge band from Phoenix, though. I want more roots or alternative, but not totally obscure.

**Greer:** I know what you're trying to get at. When I look at the record release list and decide what records to put in, I have to try to decide which records I think the majority of SPIN readers are going to get mad at me if I don't review. The fact remains that if we don't review Elvis Costello's new album, people are going to be disappointed. I mean, I don't care personally if Elvis Costello ever releases another record, or ever released a record in the first place, but I can't put together a record

review section based on personal taste. It really is hard to choose, given the fact that we only have space for at the most fifteen to twenty reviews a month, and there's several hundred releases every month—a thousand if you include all the indie releases. I put in, at best, two or three of the sort of records you're talking about, like Pavement or Helios Creed.

**Student:** I want to open the new SPIN up and go, "Wow, I never thought you'd review that." You guys should take the extreme.

**Steven Daly:** We're trying to cater to an audience which is pretty much defined for us, and to further define it. We're quite a young magazine—going on seven years now—so we don't have that many pages to play with. We do, as Jim said, have to make sure we don't embarrass ourselves by missing anything. And oftentimes the things that you're talking about, we just can't afford the pages.

**Student:** What do you think about the music business trying to tell us that we need these CDs right now instead of vinyl and cassettes? And that everyone has to go back and buy these little CDs for everything they own if they want to listen to that music ever again?

**Greer:** Records are really hard to carry around. If you have to move, they're a real pain to move. And CDs do sound better, but records will never be completely replaced. But the music industry, yeah, they make a lot more profit off CDs . . . and people are willing to pay.

**Student:** But in the '70s they convinced us that the eight-track was the greatest thing in the world.

**Greer:** They were right.

**Student:** But listen: Now they have CDs, and next they'll have digital tape—or they already do—but soon it will be more commercial and soon they'll be pushing these tiny little cassettes at us and going, here, pop this in your stereo.

**Guccione:** Soon it will be tablets that you'll taste.

**Greer:** Well, that's the great thing about America, man: waste.

**"I want to open the new SPIN up and go, 'Wow, I never thought you'd review that.' "**

**Guccione:** Soon there will be CD police that will come to your home. If you don't have CDs, they will take your albums out and shoot you.

**Farber:** Records are more satisfying. They have a cover to hold on to. They look good.

**Student:** Question for Lauren: Why do you think bands like Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins are now getting on major labels and becoming mainstream successes? Last year Nirvana was unheard of and underground; now the band is in the Top Ten.

**Lauren Spencer:** We just did a piece on how alternative music is becoming the mainstream [New Music Preview, January '92]. There are a lot of big labels that are curious about what's going on in the alternative market, not that it's going to sell them a lot of records, but just that they want to expand beyond their Mariah Careys and their Paula Abduls.

It's more refreshing to see something in your face that's a little more pure than your basic Michael Jackson 24-hour MTV video. MTV has a lot to do with the change, too, with shows like *120 Minutes* and *Headbangers Ball*. And those shows are changing, too.

**Fakenham:** How about the role of rap?

**Student:** One of the reasons I really enjoy rap is I really like the whole beat, the whole rhythm of it. When I see bands like N.W.A, Ice-T, and the Geto Boys, I probably don't know what's going on in the ghetto, but it gives me some of an idea of what's going on in there. I guess I'm a little more educated as to what the problem is, and I guess if more people listen to it, they can maybe understand for themselves what the problems are.

**Student:** Whether you like it or not, you can't deny that rap is a force in fashion, music, everything. It's coming in to every type of music; it incorporates every type of music from jazz to hardcore. It's music for music's sake; it blends and shakes everything up.

**Student:** Yeah, it shakes everything up. Here in South Carolina, I can't buy a copy of the new 2 Live Crew album without it having been sanitized for my protection. It's got a sticker, and I'm nineteen years old, not twenty-one. But let me tell you, if I get a fake ID, I'll be using it for something other than buying 2 Live Crew's CDs. ⊛

STICK IT TO ODOR FIVE CLEAN CRISP WAYS

Why fight a losing battle with odor? Old Spice® Deodorant actually works to prevent odor. It kills odor-causing bacteria 99% of them on contact.* So there's practically nothing to interfere with any of our five masculine scents: Original, Fresh, Musk, Island Breeze and Classic Sport. **PREVENTION. COUNT ON IT.**

*Average reduction at 3 min

'The Best Things in Life are Still Made by Hand'.
DRUM
handrolling tobacco
DRUM
Drum. Your Own Rhythm.
Surprisingly Mild.

# AIDS

## WORDS FROM THE FRONT

**As the AIDS crisis spreads to include a new group—adolescents—at risk for the disease, it's the same problem as ever: We still don't want to talk about sex. VICTORIA A. BROWNWORTH looks at what's not being done.**

AT 17, JARROD HAD EVERYTHING HE WANTED: GOOD GRADES, ACCEPTANCE at two colleges of his choosing, a steady girlfriend, and parents who wanted him to have the best.

But when Jarrod began having recurrent cases of tonsillitis in the beginning of his senior year in high school, everything changed. He was told by his doctor that the tonsils should be removed. The surgery would be routine; Jarrod would be out of the hospital and on his feet in a matter of days.

What Jarrod's doctor hadn't factored in was his patient's HIV status: Jarrod was seropositive.

"At first nobody knew how I had gotten it. My girlfriend and I practiced safe sex because we were concerned about pregnancy. Neither of us slept with anyone else—and she has tested HIV negative and doesn't do any drugs. Then I finally realized that it was me. I was the one doing drugs and I didn't even realize it."

Jarrod is one of an increasing number of young men in the U.S. getting HIV through sharing needles when using anabolic steroids. A high school athlete and weight lifter, Jarrod was introduced to what he calls "occasional" steroid use by fellow athletes at the gym where he was working at bodybuilding.

"It really was one of those things—'Everybody's doing it'—so I did it, too," he says.

According to Dr. Karen Hein, director of the Adolescent AIDS Program at Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx and one of a handful of experts on adolescent AIDS and HIV in the world, a story like Jarrod's is not unusual. "Teenagers are the next wave of the epidemic," Hein says. "These kids are the AIDS generation. AIDS is everywhere we look. HIV is popping up in the middle of the teenage community."

The Centers for Disease Control put the number of cases of AIDS among adolescents at less than 3 percent of the total, but experts like Hein note that few adolescents are tested, adolescents are the least likely group to be suspected of having HIV by their family physicians, and poor adolescents frequently have little access to health care until they are seriously ill.

"What we *are* seeing," says Belinda Rochelle, program director of the AIDS Action Council in Washington, D.C., "is increased numbers among adolescents in areas where there is high risk to begin with. If you look at the numbers in cities like New York, Newark, and Miami, for example, they are very high. They might be much lower in, say, Iowa, but they could be as high as 20 and 30 percent in some eastern cities."

The numbers recently released by the Job Corps, the only government agency dealing with adolescents that regularly tests for HIV (the agency requires all entrants to submit to HIV testing), showed that approximately 1 in 40 applicants tested HIV positive. "Now this isn't a cross section of the population, obviously," says Anna Forbes of the AIDS Activities Coordinating Office in Philadelphia, "but it does tell you what is happening with inner-city youth."

However, inner-city youth have long been classified by experts in the field of HIV disease as "high-risk" youth—teens with multiple sex partners, drug habits, and possible links with prostitution. What the statistics don't illuminate is the fact that the number of cases of teen AIDS *doubles every 14 months* in the U.S. In 1990, according to the CDC HIV/AIDS Surveillance Report, there was a *49 percent increase* in the number of cases of adolescent women with AIDS from the previous year.

Dale Orlando, former director of the Fenway Health Center in Boston and consultant for the recent TV film about teens and AIDS, *In the Shadow of Love*, points out that the refusal of parents to acknowledge that their children are at risk for HIV is a major contributing factor. "Many kids find out that they are HIV positive through pregnancy," says Orlando. "A teenage girl gets pregnant, has her baby, and that baby tests HIV positive. Others find out when they get sick and can't get better. But parents aren't educating their children about the risk of

continued on page 84

ILLUSTRATION BY DIANA CRAFT

# MOVING IMAGES

SPIN'S MEDIA MONITOR BY JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

## Benny Medina, the original Fresh Prince of Bel Air, is building an empire on his hip hop sensibility.

Those of us who are involved in creating and developing ideas have a responsibility to get away and let the inner self talk. Then we'll tap into some of those real emotions and true spiritual things that we don't know how to express. . . ."

*This* is a television executive talking? *This* is the man behind *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air*? Benny Medina, whose formative years fuel the aforementioned series, is no ordinary skyrocketing black entrepreneur.

Roll credits: senior VP of A&R and general manager of black music at Warner Bros. Records; manager of Will "Fresh Prince" Smith; one of the men behind the burgeoning Medina/Pollack production company (first feature: *Above the Rim*, a Denzel Washington basketball drama). Medina/Pollack's TV development activity includes a sitcom featuring Queen Latifah and Monie Love as Jersey roommates, and *Hip Hop High*, with Biz Markie as the weird guy who works in the science lab.

"Putting hip hop artists into another medium has to be handled really responsibly because you're taking their fans from one area to another," says Medina. "Will was known for his lighthearted pop-oriented subject matter, but imagine if you ever saw Ice Cube or Chuck D in a half-hour format—they'd bring another level of responsibility with them. The writer-producer community has to respond to it. That's where people like me fit in, people with definite sensibilities, because it's not foreign to us."

The on-camera abilities of rap stars has somewhat made up for the derision in which rockers with acting aspirations have long been held. Medina agrees: "That's a lot to do with the spoken word. The rapper is more accustomed to writing a script and to dealing with a script than a singer. Melody plays very little part in a rap record; it's cadence, it's phrasing,

Funky cold (Benny) Medina.

and those who are equipped to do that best in rap music can easily take another stage in front of a camera and handle it equally as well."

Acutely aware of the power of the medium he describes as "a back door through the human emotions," Medina is scrupulous in his efforts to avoid complacency. "The drill for me is to create programming that helps to reprogram society in a more positive, more enlightened way. It's a lofty ambition but I don't see why you should shoot for anything less."

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

***Delicatessen*** **(Miramax). Gallic gore to go. Cartoon cannibalistic carnage set in a postapocalyptic wasteland where one man tries to avoid being served up as platter du jour. Ah, that French sense of humor.**

***K2*** **(Miramax). Male bonding up a mountain. Fast track attorney Michael Biehn and chin-stroking physicist Matt Craven scale one of the world's most imposing peaks, struggling for survival, struggling for supremacy, struggling to conquer the mountain—*yes!*—inside themselves.**

***Shakes the Clown*** **(IRS). Un film de Bobcat Goldthwait. Solid attempt at salvaging a seemingly moribund career has a cool premise. Palukaville is populated by red-nosed, flower-squirting, baggy-pants wearing clowns, one of whom (Shakes, essayed by the auteur) hits the bottle, the skids and, finally, the big house, set up by flap-shoed Iago, Binky. Better than *A Thousand Clowns*. Not as good as *Killer Klowns From Outer Space*.**

***Mississippi Masala*** **(Samuel Goldwyn). Asian evacuees from Idi Amin's Uganda wash up in the Deep South. Relations between newcomers and the local black community are strained but remain constrained until Sarita Choudhury and Denzel Washington meet—cute. Their dalliance causes division. Affecting, messy, overlong, but ultimately rewarding. Like life itself, in many ways.**

LOGO BY CHRISTOPHER GALLO PHOTO OF BENNY MEDINA BY RICHARD LEWIS

Dennis Miller: The snear that launched a thousand quips.

## Comedian Dennis Miller fearlessly enters the Sajak zone.

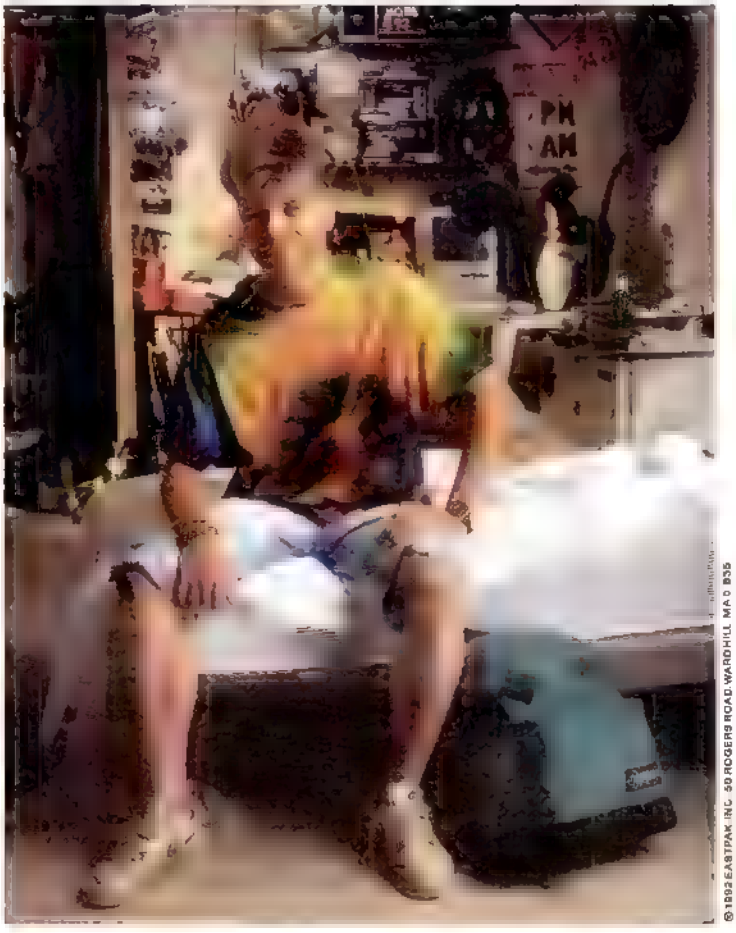
Just what the world needs, another talk show. Aren't the wee small hours already crammed with enough stroking, plugging, and schmoozing? "I don't think about shit like that," mutters Dennis Miller in that strangled side-of-mouth way he has. "Listen, it's all a crapshoot. Most people are out here bumping into walls. There's no masterplan. It's all trial and error."

Talk about your hard sells. After six years in charge of *Saturday Night Live*'s Weekend Update segment, Miller's gearing up to take his trademark mixture of smooth cruelty and smug superiority into the twilight world of the monologue, desk, clipboard, and house band (this one led by Andy Summers). The funnyman remains unconcerned about smoothing out his persona for daily consumption. "At this point, if I changed and became more Milquetoast, people would . . . not feel betrayed, but there's certain people who appreciate what I do. You'll get that one guy down in the tenth row who'll suddenly fall off his seat and everyone stares at him. I like to make my jokes dense."

Miller reckons his art is the process of connecting stand-up with cultural references ("In the middle of the Update, I got up and said, 'Stop. Hammer time!'—nobody got it. It was kind of awkward."), but he remains unaware of rumblings in Seattle: "What Seattle stuff? I'm sure there's an absolutely horrific scene in Seattle that I'm completely unaware of. Now I really feel 38."

CUBA GOODING JR. · JAMES MARSHALL
Gladiator
Nobody owns Tommy Fairy. Nobody.
STEVE ROTH Production
BRAD FIEDEL
R
FEATURING SONGS BY · WARRANT · 3RD BASS · P.M. DAWN · SEAL · TONY TERRY · GERARDO
SEE IT SOON AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

# After four years of school, the backpack's in better shape than the student.




©1992 EASTPAK INC. 50 ROGERS ROAD WARDHILL MA 0 835

You're exposed to a lot in school. Your backpack's exposed to even more. But look at it this way. After four years, at least your parents will be able to recognize the bag.

EASTPAK

# DREAMING AMERICA

## NOTES OF A NEW JACK

## OVER ONE BILLION SERVED (AN ALMOST-TRUE STORY)

THERE'S A MCDONALD'S ON THE CORNER of Flatbush and Fillmore in Brooklyn, U.S.A., where people go to get 69-cent cheeseburgers when they've had enough of Harper Valley's soul food or takeout Chinese. Nearby, a guy sells baseball caps and Bic pens and always has a box with him, blasting one of the assorted bootleg rap tapes from another vendor.

Nova was buying a cap when she heard Michael Jackson's "Black or White" for the first time. She liked the acoustic guitar breakdown mixed beneath the Stones-y riff, and she liked the multitracked vocal part: "Don't tell me you agree with me / When I saw you kicking dirt in my eye." She thought, Oh my God, Michael sounds so angry. About race relations, no less.

A few weeks later, Nova was sitting in McDonald's with some of her good, good girlfriends—Denia, Nadine, and Tinia. They were eating their cheeseburgers and sharing fries when a whole crew of Brooklyn banjy boys walked in, done to the nines in their bumper boots, baseball caps, and baggy jeans. Committed to varying degrees to the exhausting love for banjydom (hardness), the ladies turned and watched as the crew made their way to the counter.

"Child, Bears Cap is too fine," Nova said, reaching over to grab one of Nadine's Mighty Wings.

Nadine slapped her hand away. "Fine? He looks like he's fifteen." She paused for dramatic effect. "Oh, but you did always like those light-in-the-ass boys."

The girls laughed.

One of the banjy boys had a box with him, pumping some new jack jam.

"That's Michael Jackson, y'all," Tinia said. "He went new jack."

"That's not Michael."

"Yes it is. Teddy Riley hooked his skinny ass up this time," said Tinia. "Ask that boy with the box, he'll tell you."

All the ladies looked at each other. Who would approach the banjy boy? Because, you see, the ladies were actually boys who, in a secret ritualized life, sometimes referred to themselves as ladies. Negotiating life as a black man in America always necessitates *some* kind of put-on, some kind of charade.

Anyway, they all looked at each other. After all this carrying on, who was gonna be woman—or man—enough to get up and ask one of these fierce Brooklyn homeboys about the tape playing in his box?

"I'll do it," Nova said, shooting a look at Nadine, "Especially since I like light-in-the-ass boys."

"Go on, girl," Denia said. "Go tell it on the mountain, like Mahalia sang." She crooned a few gospel notes as Tinia harmonized.

"I'm going," Nova said. She walked over to the B-boy in the Bears cap and planted her feet firmly. "Yo money," she said, in her best Brooklyn banjy, "my boy said that's Michael Jackson playing. Yo, that's his new shit?"

The banjy boy nodded, a confused-looking glance on his face. He looked at Nova. Then he looked at the table of ladies. Then he looked back at Nova, who was grinning at the boy's confusion.

"Yeah, G," Bears Cap said, "it's some kickin' shit, too." He looked at his boys, but they were busy stepping to some babe bagging fries. "You seen the video? The shit is *phat*. MJ turned into a black panther and shit."

"I thought it was tired myself," Nova said.

"Nah. I mean, I didn't like the song, but the video had a message. C'mon, King of Pop goes Black Panther? That's some political shit. Next thing you know, he gonna be in the Nation of Islam."

Nova nodded. "Never thought of it that way." She looked over at her friends, who were all turned, gawking at this scene. "Yo, I gotta get back to my boys. Peace out."

The boy in the Bears cap put out his hand. "Peace," he said. They shook hands and Nova returned to her seat.

"Voice of life," Tinia said.

"*And* body of life," chimed in Denia.

"Too young," Nadine said. "I can't be pressed."

Suddenly the boy in the Bears cap was standing at their table. He was looking right at Nova.

"Yo G, I'm Rashan."

Nova looked at her friends. "I'm No . . . I mean, I'm Troy," he said. "This is Kevin, Tony, and Dave."

"You were right about the black panther thing," said Tinia. "I thought the same thing."

"Yo, word?" Rashan said. He sat down. "Michael is deep. You know, changing his face and dancing and stuff. People think he sold out, but you know what? He knows exactly what he's doing. He fooled all those people who said he was soft. He's coming off."

The ladies looked at each other. Rashan continued, "He's tearing down all those stereotypes about black men. All these boys think they gotta be hard, but a lot of them really wanna be, you know, free."

"Free from what?" Nadine asked.

"Free from trying to keep up some image. He's deep. He's strange, sometimes. But he's deep."

"Yo, Rashan. C'mon, we cuttin' out." It was one of his boys, chocolate-shake brown, in an O.P.P. cap.

Rashan took out a piece of paper and wrote a number down. He pushed it across the table to Nova. "Yo, Troy, here's my beeper number. Beep me later, G. We can talk." He smiled (he had one gold tooth in front) and got up. "I'm Audi."

"I'm scared of you, Nova," Nadine said. Tinia and Denia nodded. "You gonna call him?"

Nova put the paper in her pocket. "I'll think about it."

ILLUSTRATION BY ANASTASIA VASILAKIS

# FREE NEW MUSIC TAPE

PLUS

# SPIN

**YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS OFFER!!**

**Get a FREE cassette of new music available only through SPIN. It's filled with great tracks from Texas, Black Sheep, Ugly Kid Joe and Ultramagnetic MC's. Subscribe now to SPIN and you will save major $$$ off the newsstand price and receive the free music tape. All this for only $11.95! Great music plus twelve terrific issues of SPIN—you simply can't go wrong.**

# ANY QUESTIONS?

mercury presents THE SPINSTER

TEXAS

MOTHERS HEAVEN

TEXAS

"In My Heart"
"Walk The Beat"

BLACK SHEEP

"The Choice Is Yours"
"Try Counting Sheep"

UGLY KID JOE

"Funky Freak Country Club"
"Everything About You"

ULTRAMAGNETIC MC'S

"Ego Champions"
"Ponskin Cards"

# SPINS

REVIEWS EDITED BY JIM GREER

## PLATTER DU JOUR

### PAVEMENT

***Slanted and Enchanted***

**Matador**

Too many versions of Pavement's debut album have been floating around these last few months. I'm not sure which one I've got, nor the relation it has to the final release. There's no cover on my XL II—no song titles, no lyrics, no personnel list. All I have is music, played over and over again: slapdash drums, bells, catchy choruses, sha-la-la-las, guitars played so loose and confident they're almost smiling at you. There are boy-next-door voices spinning ice plant poetry. Melodies you can whistle. There's something like the intersteller space noise picked up on shortwave radios. Some songs start off dopey, then get raw power, while others open like thunder and then slip down a velvety slide. The slower ones are as sweet as rain on your forehead, beautiful the way freeways through the mountains can be beautiful. And the distortion doesn't came from a can, nor is it "texture" or "noise." It's a living thing, snaking through the strumming guitars and sing-said words and perfect beats.

Who do these enchanted boys conjure up? Forces of nature like Captain Beefheart, Swell Maps, Pere Ubu, the Fall, Thinking Fellers, Union 282, Giant Sand, and the Minutemen. But while I can definitely hear the echoes of these influences, what really brings these bands to mind is that, like Pavement, they open up space. On *Slanted*, Pavement makes things happen where nothing happened before. Pavement takes you to oil wells and houseboats, deserts, and starscapes, a city spread out like peanut butter, no man's land, and the place where summer ends. The lyrics fill the air as well, enigmatic and fresh, stuff about making mistakes, catching angels, listening to the radio, and waiting for your dreams to come shuffling over the horizon, waiting in a sunlight that blisters the soul.

Pavement is so fine it occasionally seems too perfect, like the band has been dressing for success all along, its career charted out in some indie-rock boardroom with doughnuts and fake wood paneling. Here's the blueprint: begin as a duo in Nowheresville (Stockton, California). Release a marvelous, feedback-splattered seven-inch EP on your own nearly nonexistent label. Include among the noise a moving, melodic song ("Box Elder") that a decent English band (the Wedding Present) covers on a major label record. Then hook up with the obscure and vehamently hip Chicago label Drag City and put out two more seven-inch singles and a ten-inch EP with a great cover. Call the EP *Perfect Sound Forever* and live by the title. Now that the hip quotient is high, gradually transform your static into tunes. Realize this ideal on a flawless seven-inch slab of Coppertoned imagination ("Summer Babe"). During this period, do not take official photos, keep band information vague, and add new members who live on the other side of the country.

Live, you offer something for everyone. There's S M., the front man–guitarist–singer who looks young, sensitive, and arrogant. He writes the words. Then you have Gary Young, the old drummer, a crazy, long-haired, bug-eyed Freak Brother who guzzles booze, forgets intros, and makes the same bad jokes every night. Then there are three really good-looking happy frat-boy types: Dustdevil Mark Ibold on bass, a really friendly guy named Bob Nastanovich on big drums and good vibrations, and the other guitarist Spiral Stairs, who starts the band with S.M. in the first place, years ago in the middle of nowhere when there's nothing to do except change rock one more time. **Erik Davis**

ILLUSTRATION BY AMY GUIP

## Rockin' Okinawa, *Rara* Avis, Kid Stuff

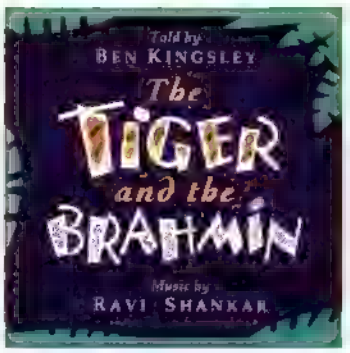
**BY RICHARD GEHR**

THE U.S. MILITARY PRESENCE IN Germany left that country with a humongous chip on its collective shoulder; only a blitzkrieg bop with a technodance shimmy could settle that Teutonic hash. In Okinawa, however, where the U.S. regularly retrenched for a little R&R (rock and recuperation) when it wasn't busily blowing South Vietnam into a primordial funk, the locals took it easier. Citizens of this Japanese prefecture must have suspected their time would come. When the running dogs departed in 1972, musical memories of Hendrix and Presley lingered in the "Japonesian" air, and Okinawa soon got the local supergroup it deserved.

Shoukichi Kina is *The Music Power From Okinawa* (GlobeStyle import), rocking out on the *sanshin*, a three-stringed instrument covered in python skin (synthetic versions now available, python preservationists). With his group, Champloose, Kina is responsible for lending his island's naturally perky vernacular music (the local dance rhythm known as *katcharsee* means "to stir up") some thumping Western oomph. With his chirping backup singers, whimsical melodies, and rough-edged charm, Champloose sounds like a wisely naive alternative nerd band: Think Shaggs, Shonen Knife, Half Japanese.

HAVING RAVED ABOUT HAITI'S INSPIRING BOUKMAN EKSPERYANS SEVERAL issues ago, it's pleasantly weird to be hyping a new, improved version of this politically terrorized island's "new generation" sound. So while the expatriate members of Clifford Sylvain's Rara Machine don't actually break any new ground on their domestic debut, *Break the Chain* (Kase Chenn), they certainly up the ante, goosing *rara*'s voodoo rhythms into a clattering festival frenzy. Rara Machine is not above reworking Boukman's hit "Ke'-M Pa Sote" as "Rare Mouvé," which would be merely sleazy if the band didn't tweak it a few notches higher on the dance-floor thermometer.

ON A MORE INFANTILE NOTE, KID RHINO'S RABBIT EARS SUBSIDIARY HELPS decolonize the low-single-digit demographic with whimsical albums matching appropriate music to world storytelling. Denzel Washington slips into a Jamaican mode on *Anansi* to tell about the spider who outwits a tiger and gains possession of all the stories in the jungle, with a bubbly dub soundtrack provided by UB40. Ben Kingsley dusts off his Gandhi accent for *The Tiger and the Brahmin*, with a lighter-than-air score by Ravi Shankar. These albums beat the hell out of Scooby-Doo, and, since they conclude with several tracks of pure music, stand a good chance of appealing to the inner rug rat within older humanoids as well. Use your illusions, indeed.




**Worldbeat for tykes: Kid Rhino's latest.**

**Wonderful World**

**Various Artists,** *Dance Around the World* (Rhythm Safari); **Bob Marley and the Wailers,** *One Love* (Heartbeat); **Nelson,** *Bring Back the Voodoo* (Shanachie); **Prince Far I,** *Dubwise* (Virgin Front Line).

Na Na
NEW YORK SANTA MONICA SAN FRANCISCO
212 496 2955 310 394 9690 415 861 NANA
FOR CATALOG & STICKER SEND $2.00 TO: Na Na, DEPT. SP
1228 THIRD STREET SANTA MONICA CA 90401
MAIL ORDER INFO. 800 347 4728/WHOLESALE INFO 310-394-5305
GENUINE NA NA DR. MARTENS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE AT:
WILD FAIR-USA, FAST FOREWARD-DALLAS, BE..MONT
ARMY NAVY-CHICAGO; BROADWAY & VILLAGE COBBLER-NYC;
AND OTHER FINE STORES FROM COAST TO COAST
GENUINE
DR. MARTENS
AIR CUSHION SOLE
NA NA
PHOTO BANICA MODEL: UJA MAKE UP CINTH A

**The Handy Omniscient SPIN Rating System**

= Go directly to your local record store. Buy this album. Immediately. Kill if you must.

= Whoa! Slow down, pal. This album is pretty good, but you can't buy everything in the store. Can you?

= Stop it. Put that down. Go buy something to eat instead. You have to eat, too, you know.

## THE SUGARCUBES

***Stick Around for Joy***

**Elektra**

On *Stick Around for Joy*, the Sugarcubes' third album, the band seems determined to come off as an Icelandic B-52's—a noble enough aim, if you ask me, but the 'Cubes miss the mark. Instead of 1989's *Cosmic Thing*, they've come up with *Comic Thing*. Which wouldn't be quite so unfortunate if the record were more (or even less) funny.

The music is full of innocuous bubbles and squeaks, but rarely erupts into full blown melody, which is a large part of the problem. Singer Björk Gudmundsdottir's voice is an undeniable force of nature, but very rarely (as, for instance, on a few bars of "Hit") does she have anything substantial to wrap her gorgeous pipes around. Her vocalizing sounds emotional, but it comes off as mere mimicry, fluff instead of tough. And while the lyrics for the most part aren't as trivial as the "Eat the menu" stuff on their last album, I guess I just don't get the Icelandic agenda.

Another annoyance is that Einar guy, whose Fred Schneider shtick has finally turned from intermittently interesting to continuously irritating. I was one of the few who found his previous "work" a necessary ground to Gudmundsdottir's fancy flights, but on *Stick Around* he's become less carnival barker from Mars than pretentious Eurotrash pseudopoet.

All of which is not to say the record is without merit, and if you're a whimsical sort of guy or gal, you may find much here to your liking. As for me, I prefer a little more lead in my gasoline.

**Jim Greer**

## IAN McCULLOCH

***Mysterio***

**Sire/Reprise**

What can be said when a strong band's guiding force goes solo only to become an echo of his former self? In Ian McCulloch's case, the band being seminal '80s new wavers Echo & the Bunnymen, the echo is louder and more resonant than might ordinarily be expected. The better question might then be, If a tree falls alone in the forest, is it fuel for a fire or the start of a compost heap?

Without the spare arrangements that made the Bunnymen's landmark work (*Crocodiles*, *Ocean Rain*) fly, McCulloch's pretty melodies run aground. "Magical World" and "Dug for Love" off *Mysterio* are maddeningly watery. And when McCulloch moans "Is it really such a magical world?" it's time to put in a call to the toll-free Morrissey hotline—1-800-URA-MOPE. "Honeydrip" and "Damnation" have more heft and hook yet little else to demand recall or relistening.

*Candleland*, McCulloch's 1989 solo debut, capitalized on the Bunnymen's successes where *Mysterio* falters. The acoustic guitars a-strumming and the drum machines a-humdrumming that at first opened wide McCulloch's signature sound seem to have faded this time out. One track, "Vibor Blue," has McCulloch singing through a distortion filter à la *Achtung* Bono—a sign that at least one person had the 24-carrot idea to try luring McCulloch out of his ragged Bunny suit.

**Alec Foege**

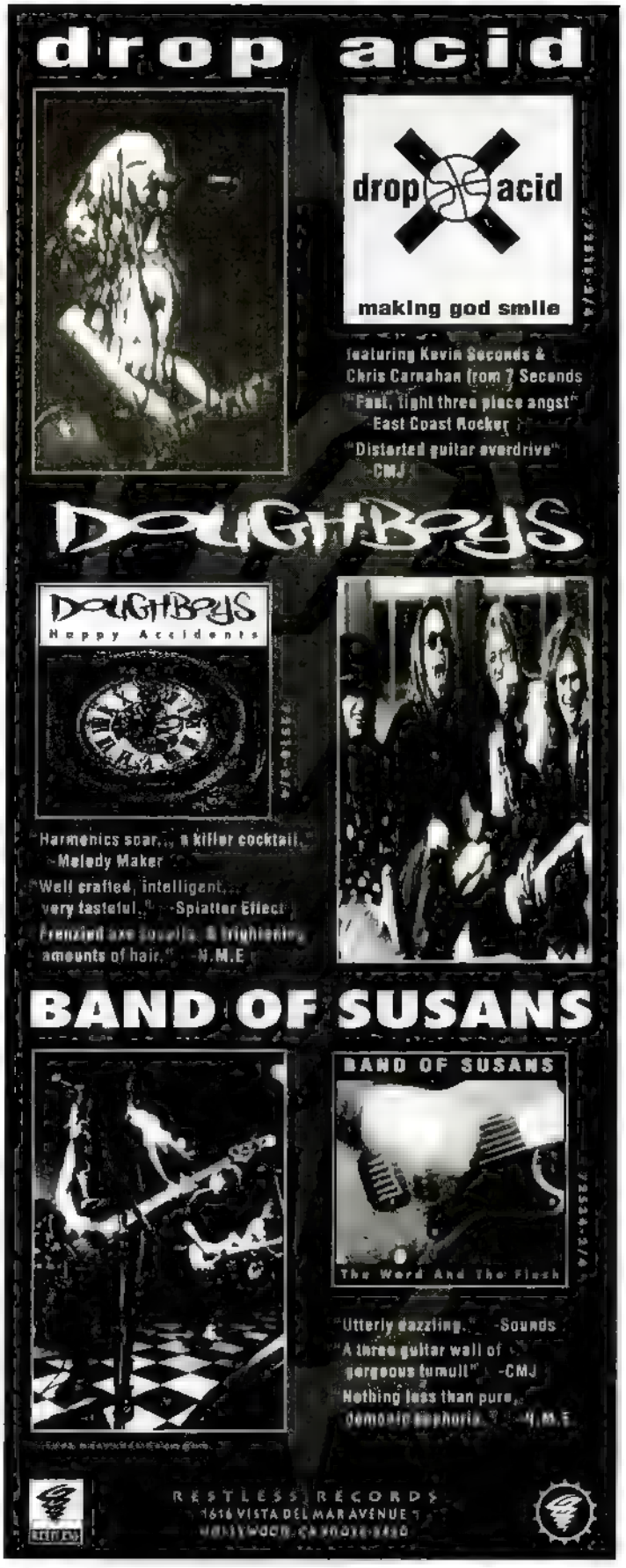
## FIREHOSE

***The Live Totempole EP***

**Sony**

Yeah, you know Firehose. It's those guys who are out there constantly working to uphold the dying punk ethic. They have a lot of integrity, they reject the ugly corporate machine, and they're famous for their sweaty, balls-to-the-wall, no-holds-barred, stage-diver's-dreamland live shows. There are four of them, they refuse to play for over five dollars, and they're from D.C. Oh wait, I'm sorry. I guess I'm thinking about Fugazi. But one thing that's surely true is that Firehose plays a kick-ass live show, of which this new live disc is a fine document.

Capturing the energy of a band like Firehose on record—or any band for that matter, but since we're talking about Firehose lets use it as an exam-

## Sandy Denny and Nick Drake

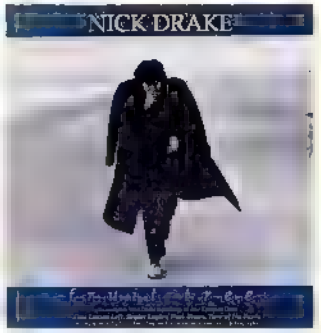
**BY ERIK DAVIS**

IN THE LATE '60S, FOLKIES ON DRUGS made some of the best music that didn't come from a garage, and they did it by digging up their own roots. But while Dylan could knock on Woody Guthrie's door and the Byrds could knock on Dylan's, English folk-rockers got to slip into the medieval haze of spells and knights and paleface ladies. Though a case could be made for the grungier Steeleye Span, Fairport Convention was the greatest of these bands, its mixture of faerie balladry and rock timbres perfect for a time and place in which *The Lord of the Rings* was as profound as the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

While early Fairport got much of its juice from the snaky, hermetic fretwork of Richard Thompson, vocalist Sandy Denny was the one who made the stuff glow. As anyone entranced by her misty mountain crooning on Led Zeppelin's "The Battle of Evermore" knows, Denny's earthy and regal voice charms you like a moonbeam in a forest clearing. There are plenty of moonbeams on *Who Knows Where the Time Goes?* (Hannibal), a three-CD compilation of Denny hits and marginalia. Though Denny was too sad and lyrical to be truly mellow, she had a way with darkly shaded adult pop (Judy Collins had a hit with the compilation's title song), and if she'd have looked like Stevie Nicks we'd all know her name by now. As it was, one of rock's greatest female vocalists died a most un–rock'n'roll death—falling down the stairs at her house—without achieving more than a cult status.

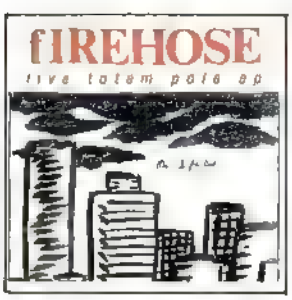
Joe Boyd, the producer-impresario behind Fairport, also put out records by the acoustic guitarist and archetypal sad young man, Nick Drake, whose entire recorded output was just released on *Fruit Tree* (Hannibal), a four-CD box set. For Drake—known for staring at his shoes for hours—Denny's kind of romantic melancholy was just a warmup for truly introspective flights of black-winged despair. No unicorns or warlocks here—Drake's lyrics charted his own frail soul to the brinks of self-indulgence and self-purgation (Drake overdosed on antidepressants in 1974).

Unlike many singer-songwriters, Drake could really play—listening to his intricate open-tuning explorations you can hear the wind that blew through the tree his guitar was cut from. On his first two records, lush and slightly jazzy arrangements recall Van Morrison's *Astral Weeks*



without the "blooze," while his last album, *Pink Moon*, was as stark and beautiful as a bridge of bones at midnight. "Black-Eyed Dog," one of the last songs he recorded, is the only recording beside Robert Johnson's "Hellhound on My Trail" that literally makes my spine shiver. Drake makes a mistake halfway through the song, a slipped fingering and an open string struck too hard, and in that slash you hear a self nailing itself to its music. Look at the other record reviews in this issue, and you'll see how rare a sound that is.

ple—is like trying to save time in a bottle. And everybody knows you can't do that—Jim Croce tried the hardest and now he's dead. But with the seven songs on this disc Firehose manages to lasso the fun and the megafury of the band's stage performance. The tongue-in-cheek humor of the trio, as well as its broad musical tastes, is evident simply in the choice of material here: Public Enemy's "Sophisticated Bitch," Butthole Surfers' "Revolution Part 2," Blue Öyster Cult's "The Red and the Black." In fact, only two of the songs here are Firehose originals, which is nice.




The thing about this record that shines through like a beacon is that it doesn't in any way sound like former punk rockers now enslaved to some megalo-Mothra-monster corporation that probably also made the Walkman or stereo on which you're listening to it. Punk never died, it just got boring. But this stuff isn't.

**Mark Blackwell**

### V3

***Psychic Dance Hall***

**Ropeburn**

Tim Sheppard, the Ohio wunderkind behind Vertical Slit, Phantom Limb, and now V3 has a guitar that can shear paint off your walls and dump it down your gullet for maximum lead poisoning. And unlike, say, Sonny Sharrock, he's considerate enough to stick his godawful gangliations into relatively distinguishable *songs*. Thing is, to get your temples ground down, you've gotta put up with creative-writing caca about dead souls droned by various-gendered zombies above a blur-beat that worries Stooges' *Fun House* doomnastics until they're baroque. Like, imagine if all of *Use Your Illusion* sounded as goofy as "Coma," only more comatose.

Still, Sheppard's stolidity has surprises in it. I couldn't make it through the decade-plus CD retrospective he put out last year, but V3's new *Psychic Dance Hall* is a montage of tuneful Ian Curtis gargoyle turbulence, Martian surf gunk, turning-Japanese tinkling overlaid with mad Marianne Faithfull haggardry, war-movie samples, xylophones, pretty classical-keyb parts, a New Year's celebration, even a request to move the Ford Ranger in the parking lot. "Another Exterminator (Eaten by Bugs)," a sort of adult-layabout dependency hymn where Sheppard compares himself to Caligula and Lester Bangs and offers to fix breakfast, progresses as (mere) Ubu grunge yet never detours from its sweet Altered Images "I Could Be Happy" electrojangle melody. In the closed halls of avant-malarkey, who would expect such a thing? (*Ropeburn Records, P.O. Box 6594, South Bend, IN 46660*)

**Chuck Eddy**

### GWAR

***America Must Be Destroyed***

**Metal Blade/Warner Bros.**

At the opposite end of the X-rated pop spectrum from 2 Live Crew is Gwar, a heavy-metal parody like none other. How to explain a band of former college students from Richmond, Virginia, who found a common bond amid a shower of bodily fluids and sci-fi apocalypse theories? Too much formal training; not enough potty training.

Gwar is perhaps best known for its outrageous stage show: Band members don huge papier-mâché masks, stage mock executions, and spurt fake blood and semen at willing audiences from within a prop wrestling ring. *America Must Be Destroyed* is heaps more listenable than either 1988's *Hell-O!* or 1990's *Scumdogs of the Universe*; its quicksilver time changes and rough harmonies are as serviceable as those of any second-tier speed metal band. Only the lyrics, such as these from "Rock'n'Roll Never Felt So Good," demand further scrutiny: "I met her at a donkey show / She was minutes past 13 / Sucking on a cherry Yoo Hoo / Reading *Nugget* magazine / Cum-spattered tube top / Scrawny pre-pube tits / That's when I saw she was a quadraple-chick." Boy, they don't write 'em like that anymore.

I've learned to appreciate Gwar in an overly academic, Richard Meltzer sort of way, which I'm well aware is exactly the wrong way to go—this

stuff's meant to be swallowed hook, line, sinker. But listening to *America* is like having your shoulders pinned to the mat, then having someone yell, "It's only rock'n'roll so you'd better like it!" Look for *America* at your local emporium, plastered with parental advisory stickers.

**Alec Foege**

## DAVID BYRNE

***Uh-Oh***

**Luaka Bop**

After laying an egg with the salsa-smothered *Rei Momo*, David Byrne, still solo, has come back with an intoxicating, not to say heady, retrospective pastiche. *Uh-Oh* draws on players and charts, plus lyrical and melodic obsessions, from different stages of his career, recapping his metamorphosis from art-school geek to off-kilter cosmopolite. There's funk rock, folk rock, art rock, noise rock, strings, horns, woodwinds, and a passel of Latin percussion, with arrangements by *Momo* man Angel Fernandez, just to show he's not backing down.

"People say that I am strange," wails Byrne over the percolating groove of "Girls on My Mind," but hey, that's what pays the rent. The political snipes, gender twists, and dadaist whimsies are hackneyed by now, and Byrne pokes coy fun at his psycho-killer aura on "A Walk in the Dark." Virtually the sole new wave survivor, Byrne has enough of a history to plagiarize himself. He disguises his first-world sources—Dylan, the Stones, Roxy Music, Steve Reich, Cole Porter, the Cornelius Brothers, the B-52's, *Dr. Who*, country music, and disco—in ethnic camouflage, so that "A Million Miles Away," for example, comes off like "Maggie's Farm" meeting "2,000 Light Years From Home" in a bodega.

Byrne fleshes out his core quintet—keyboardist Ashley Cadell, ex-Meters bassist George Porter, Jr., and percussionists Café, Hector Rosado, and Oscar Salas—with soul choristers and Latin jazz instrumentalists. Performing on prepared pens and other gadgets, Tom Zé, whom Byrne first brought to stateside notice, spices "Something Ain't Right" with his own avant Brazilian sensibility. It may be weird, but it's mighty slick, with none of the gawky amateurism that made the Talking Heads so endearing; even Byrne's skronk-guitar sounds polished, and his singing is more assured than ever. Often *Uh-Oh* is just too cute, with sappy tunes that can't bear the weight of all that ambition. But when the music soars, as on "Hanging Upside Down" or "Somebody," Byrne's eccentric vision transcends rock'n'roll and sets the stage for some new world order yet to come.

**Larry Birnbaum**

## MOOSE

***Sonny and Sam***

**Virgin**

The way I see it, there must be this society of English musicians who sit around in pubs discussing things like, "I really like all that American indie rock guitar stuff, you know, like Dinosaur Jr. and Sonic Youth and whatnot; I think we could really go somewhere with it. Of course, we'd have to polish it up a bit—you know, smooth out the edges, put some nice, breathy, melodic singing in it instead of all that hoarse, ragged shouting." Yeah, that's how it goes, and then they come up with a catchy one-word band name and go out the next day and buy a Marshall stack or two, a Boss distortion pedal, and they're in business. The problem is, quite simply, that these lads are *afraid to rock*.

*Sonny and Sam* is the seven-song American debut of a British band called Moose that I saw play live last summer in Paris, and the above paragraph pretty much describes what I was thinking as I alternately listened to it and tried to figure out how much *real* money I was feeding into this stupid French pinball machine from, like, the 1920s. I'm happy to say that the recorded medium shows off a much subtler and more capable band than the one I saw that evening. I'm still not entirely sold on these guys' songwriting—the best song on here is "Butterfly Collector," which, while it's not the Jam cover I'd hoped/feared it would be, features a kind of sort of hooky verse I've caught myself humming more than once—but there's more going on here than in your usual monosyllablic-monikered Brit outfit. So I'm looking forward to further submissions from these guys.

**Jim Greer**

## CHAINSAW KITTENS

***Flipped Out in Singapore***

**Mammoth**

Hey, excuse me: The guys in this band like to dress up in their girlfriends' pantyhose, don dresses, and get onstage to perform gems with names such as "High in High School" and "Shannon's Favorite Fellini Movie." But this ain't art-rock. Lose those glasses of Chablis, grab a bottle of Jack and get real, 'cause this stuff is fast, brutal, and pretty darn relentless. Chainsaw Kittens' new release, produced by maestro-knob-guy Butch Vig—responsible for Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins, and other voices for our times—will beat you into submission.

While their last release, *Violent Religion*, flirted with schizophrenia, *Flipped Out* is proof that lead dude Tyson Meade has officially gone over the edge—which, insofar as it affects the music, is a very good thing. Sometimes a high-falsetto squeal or a low-boom blast, Meade's voice is backed with a real heavy-bottomed guitar and bass drive that at times can be a bit overwrought, and while comparisons to the Ramones and Last Crack wouldn't seem out of line, the tunes contained herein do cut a clear path through most of those boring wannabe punk bands (no names here—they know who they are). Mainly because these cats really are crazy.

**Lauren Spencer**

## PIGFACE

***Welcome to Mexico . . . Asshole***

**Invisible**

Pigface is this big, fat guy from New Jersey who keeps calling me up asking for money he for some reason thinks 1) I owe him and 2) I have. No, really, Pigface is this mega-super-colossal sort of industrial pick-up band kind of thing apparently masterminded by Martin Atkins (ex-Killing Joke, ex-PiL, Brian Brain, and a bunch of other stuff) featuring assorted members of Ministry, Skinny Puppy, and part-time contributions from Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails and a cast of nearly 5,000 other depraved sons-of-bitches. Or was that the last Yes album? Anyway, *Welcome to Mexico* is a live album documenting a string of performances across the U.S. and in Europe in April, May, and June of this year. It starts with about five minutes of looped growling and takes off from there—an hour and change of fairly intense, poorly recorded industrial-strength thrash and burn.

The result is not unlike a slowed-down version of the straighter, thrashier direction Ministry's taken, as evidenced by its cool new "Jesus Built My Hotrod" single. But in this form it loses some of its strength; good sound is more or less an imperative if music this textured is going to work—a lot of the stuff here devolves into muffled murk, but for

all I know that could be the point. In any case it's an interesting experiment, and it makes me wish I'd been smart enough to catch one of the shows at which *Welcome* was recorded.

**Jim Greer**

## ANNE DUDLEY AND JAZ COLEMAN

***Songs From the Victorious City***

**TVT Records**

If you're irritated by the very idea of musicians who establish reputations in pop music and then go on to explore music of other cultures (Paul Simon, Peter Gabriel), you'll probably reject *Songs From the Victorious City* before you even hear it. But that would be a mistake.

*Songs* focuses on the music of Cairo (the "victorious city"); it's a collaboration between Jaz Coleman and

SPIN GUIDE TO COLLEGE MUSIC

COMING IN THE APRIL ISSUE

A MEGA-COOL PULL-OUT GUIDE TO THE HOTTEST NEW MUSIC ON THE COLLEGE SCENE. SPIN'S VERY OWN JIM GREER PULLS OUT THE STOPS ON THE COLLEGE MUSIC SCENE WITH INTERVIEWS AND PROFILES OF

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE II, LIVE, BLIND MELON, THE BREEDERS, MANIC STREET PREACHERS, SWERVEDRIVER, MOOSE AND MORE.

PLUS AN INTRODUCTION BY MTV 120 MINUTES HOST DAVE KENDALL

HITS NEWSSTANDS: MARCH 10TH

REQUIRED READING FOR THE SPRING SEMESTER!

BROUGHT TO YOU BY HYUNDAI

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES

out January 20th on TAANG! Records

"more noise & other disturbances"

the mighty mighty bosstones will be on tour these dates:

1/28 Philadelphia; 1/30 Cleveland; 2/2 Chicago; 2/7 Denver; 2/11 San Francisco; 2/14 Los Angeles; 2/18 Dallas; 2/21 Minneapolis; 2/25 Pittsburgh; 2/27 NYC; 2/28 Washington, D.C.

Anne Dudley and an Arabian orchestra. Coleman spent his life training as a classical violinist, before he fell in with a bad crowd and established the acidic Killing Joke. Dudley is a founding member of Art of Noise, the group of pop innovators that helped raise sampling to an art form.

This would have been a perfect score for Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Sheltering Sky*, but that's not the point. *Songs* is a film score without the film—you have to imagine it instead—and therefore it serves (much in the way both Killing Joke and the Art of Noise did) a blow to a video-saturated generation's withered powers of imagination.

Listen to this with headphones in a dark room. Not track by track, but scene by scene, starting with "The Awakening" and ending with "In a Timeless Place." This is polymorphously erotic drama for the under-exercised mind.

**Staci Bonner**

## HELIOS CREED

***Lactating Purple***

**Amphetamine Reptile**

Switching drummers and adding a synthesizer-sampler to the lineup has removed Helios from songwriting and taken it into sonic landscaping. Where his previous solo albums have been out there, they've still been within a recognizable rock context. This, his fifth solo album since leaving the highly influential Chrome, is definitely the most consistent. His guitar wizardry is awe-inspiring—where the guitar ends and the synthesizers and samplers begin is anybody's guess. Whenever vocals are used, they are distorted or echoed beyond recognition. And the songs are steadily becoming longer.

Hawkwind's *Space Ritual* comes to mind more than once, but Creed is more experimental and less "rock." "Flying Through the Ether" and the inspired-ly titled "Martian Sperm & Bagpipes" are close to "Blood on the Moon"–era Chrome, but there is a lot more going on in each song these days. Amazing nonmetal heavy metal for science-fiction minds. (*Amphetamine Reptile, 2541 Nicollet Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404*)

**Johan Kugelberg**

## MC 900 FOOT JESUS

***Welcome to My Dream***

**Nettwerk/I.R.S.**

Most music that gets classified under the "industrial" rubric is useful for one thing, if that: On cloudy days if you're feeling under the weather, you can let its cold, moaning roar surround you like a sleeping bag when you're driving your Jeep. The only time industrial works is when you're totally brain-dead with antihistamines and have no desire to be rocked or challenged or otherwise made to *think* ('cause if you think, you'll just realize how *dumb* it is). Personality (i.e., any concrete evidence of actual Homo sapiens) would just get in the way of the lull.

MC 900 Foot Jesus is this shrimpy Texas striver who aims to have so much personality he's not industrial anymore (he prefers to be "hip hop" or "jazz" or all of the above), and I *suppose* I see the attraction. He's a "rapper" in the Jim Carroll–T-Bone Burnett–Lightnin' Rod sense. He recites shaggy dog stories in matter-of-fact pyro and schizo voices over

**Little Sutty's Quest for Music** *by Mark Blackwell*

ethnosamples and fusiony beat boxes. Like many indie icons, he lives vicariously through other folks' insanity (which isn't as boring as actually *being* insane, like Daniel Johnston and Jandek, but it's close.) His groove is rain-foresty and laid-back, and here and there its poetry picks up momentum. But you know he would've named his new set *Welcome to My Nightmare* if that title weren't already taken, and guess what? I'm not scared.

**Chuck Eddy**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

***Heartbeat Reggae Roundup***

**Heartbeat**

Like country music, reggae went crossover in the '80s before returning to its roots, but unlike Nashville trad, Jamaican hardcore never got much U.S. play. For the past decade, Boston's Rounder-affiliated Heartbeat label has tried to set the record straight—up to a point. Dancehall, with its own roots in DJ toasting, now rules, but it's too nasty for righteous Rastas, so on *Heartbeat Reggae Roundup*, compiler Chris Wilson finesses with smiley techno-skank, sober neodub, and well-scrubbed ragamuffin.

With 18 tracks by the avatar likes of Peter Tosh, Gregory Isaacs, and Big Youth, plus such comers as Roots Radics, Little John, and Sister Breeze, this collection can't miss, but the only dead-on bull's-eye is Leonard Dillon's ecstatically agonized "Survival." Close hits include Burning Spear's Rasta-reverent "The Image," Chris Wayne's blissful "Love Is What Jah Wants," and the only true ragamuffin mix, Shaggy Wonder's squeaky-clean "Hard Work." Lee "Scratch" Perry's "Colt the Game," accusing rival producer Bunny Lee of murder, is more rap than dancehall, and Yami Bolo's "Dancehall Music" is anything but.

**Larry Birnbaum**

## TRIBE

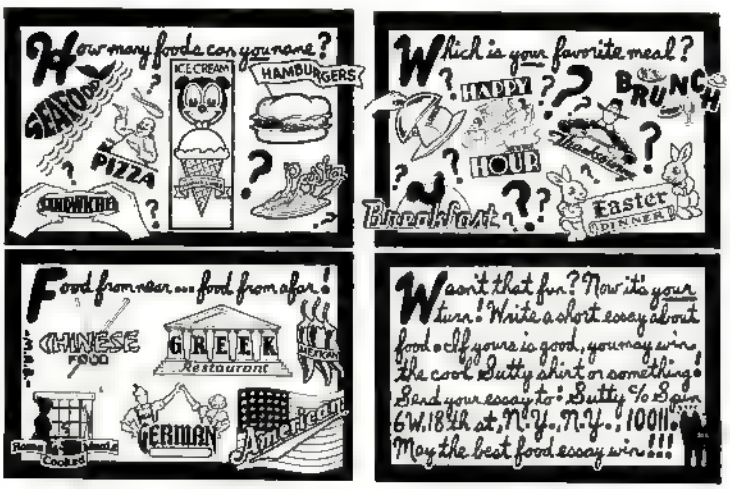
***Abort***

**Elash**

"It's big, it's scary / It's been done before," mutters Janet LaValley ominously on the title track of this groovy LP, offering an accurate if incomplete summary of her combo. The lush melodies emanate from easy-listening heaven, but Eric Brosius's guitar burns with anguish. The creamy vocal harmonies and three-dimensional arrangements encourage headlong escapism; the desperation of the lyrics reveals a world of pain.

Don't worry. *Abort*'s unsettling vignettes of misery and degradation are rendered with enough style to keep cheesy melodrama to a minimum. The thundering "Daddy's Home" offers a kid's-eye view of a boozy pop, while "Payphone" quietly unmasks a violent boyfriend. Elsewhere, thrill to the agony of alienation ("Easter Dinner"), the stupidity of decadence ("Joyride (I Saw the Film)"), and plenty of old-fashioned loneliness ("Tied" et al.). Singer LaValley's occasional tendency to overact, coupled with Tribe's confident grooves, suggests the band could slide into pompous self-importance without adult supervision. Right now, however, its aim is true.

**Jon Young**



# STOLAR TRACKS

**Various Artists** *Guitarrorists* (No. 6)
Twenty-six different indie-guitar-rock artists come together and record personal, telling, and sometimes beautiful multitrack guitar solo compositions. Contributors range from Thurston Moore of Sonic Youth and Mark Robinson of Unrest to Tom Hazelmyer of Halo of Flies and Sonic Boom of Spacemen 3. Track textures vary from artist to artist, and you'll find that even a brief listen will reveal more about your favorite indie guitar hero than any wordy music magazine could ever hope to.

**Cop Shoot Cop** *White Noise* (Big Cat/Restless)
On its second full-length LP, New York City's industrial purist Cop Shoot Cop clangs toward the mainstream, adding rhythm guitar on top of its frightening dual bass and clear, almost rich-sounding vocals in place of frenzied screaming. Some die-hard "bang on a muffler" fans might call it a sellout, but no one can deny that *White Noise* is solid, smart, and just plain good.

**Cocteau Twins** *Singles Box Set* (4AD/Captiol)
At this point you're either familiar with the Cocteau Twins' trippy, heavenly, and abstract approach to atmospheric music or you've simply missed out. Regardless, you'll still come out on top with this ten-disc set of the Cocteau Twins' British EPs, singles and never before released tracks, a delicate ride through the bands' ten-year career.

**Love Battery** *Dayglo* (Sub Pop)
This Seattle foursome doesn't break any new musical ground on its debut LP but still manages to put together an album of melodic and competant hard rock ballads all the same. On *Dayglo*, its Battery's dual guitars, psychedelic, thick, and melodic all at once, that pull the album out of the doldrums and remind listeners yet again that Seattle's music scene is still hotter than all hell

**God Bullies** *War on Everybody* (Amphetamine Reptile)
Sad to say the band's name says it all—this Kalamazoo, Michigan, foursome is brutal in its approach to growling and grungy rock, and yes, has a less than positive outlook to religion, death and personal relationships. But that shouldn't stop you from enjoying this rough ride through guitar- and sample-based rock'n' roll, guaranteed to get your body shaking and blood boiling

These reviews in no way connote band endorsement of STOLICHNAYA

STOLI
THE RUSSIAN PHENOMENON.

## On the Beat

**BY JOHAN KUGELBERG**

THE INCOMPARABLE **Beat Happening** plays punk rock from a child's point of view—a 28-year-old child who has had his share of hard knocks but still managed to retain a child's innocence and sense of wonder. Beat Happening is a three-piece rock group: guitar, vocals, and drums. The sparseness of the instrumentation doesn't interfere with the impact of the band. There simply isn't room for another instrument inside the dozens of perfect punk-pop gems this band has strewn on vinyl and CD over the last few years.

Calvin Johnson, responsible for the band's angst-ridden adolescent--Lee Hazelwood vocals, has been running his own record label, K, since the early '80s. Releasing records by a disparate bunch of musical misfits ranging from the confrontational turmoil of **Mecca Normal** to the innocent sweetness of **Courtney Love**, Johnson's K Records has been a source of constant quality unmatched by most other independent American labels of the '80s and '90s. Beat Happening has three albums on K, *Beat Happening* (1984), *Jamboree* (1988), and the amazing *Black Candy* (1989), but Sub Pop released the latest Beat Happening album, *Dreamy*, which together with its national tour opening for Fugazi brought it both new fans and new foes.

A companion piece to the Sub Pop album was recently released on Chicago's Feel Good All Over label. The CD, titled simply *1983–85*, collects the band's early, hard-to-find material. Its latest is a just-released seven-inch on K, *Sea Hunt/Knock on Any Door*. Once you give the band your time, Beat Happening will quickly become more indispensable than lunch

Rhino has recently reissued a couple of the most perfectly conceived party records these ears have heard. ***Exotica!: The Best of Martin Denny*** contains selections from a whole bunch of this visionary bandleader's records. Denny's albums topped the charts in the late '50s when puritanical America suddenly developed a taste for the uncomplicated excitement of the pagan, exotic islands of the Pacific. Adding bird calls, pseudoethnic chanting, and exotic percussion instruments to loungy cheesy-listening music, Denny created a slew of thoroughly enjoyable material, unbelievably "out there" for its time. The genre was dubbed exotica, and even from a 30-year perspective, it's stunning how fresh it still sounds.

More on Rhino: **NRBQ**, the **New Rhythm & Blues Quartet**, has been honored with a retrospective that is flawless, flawless, flawless. This double CD, titled *Peek-a-Boo*, chronicles the band's career to date, including choice selections from its rare singles, compilation-only tracks, and a hearty cross section from its 13 albums. The emphasis is on NRBQ's self-penned material—while the band has a repertoire of covers ranging from the Shaggs to Sun Ra to Duke Ellington and back again, its

**Beat Happening. Olympia, Washington's finest ever post-skiffle combo.**

original material has a timelessness equaled only by, say, John Fogerty or Brian Wilson. That's how good it is. There are two kinds of people in the world: NRBQ fans and those who haven't heard the band yet. If there is a well-stocked bar in heaven, NRBQ will be the band onstage, and it will be the opening chords of "Me and the Boys" that guide us through the Pearly Gates.

**K, P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507,** (206) **786-1594; Sub Pop, 1932 First Ave., Suite 1103, Seattle, WA 98101,** (206) **441-8441;** Feel **Good All Over, P.O. Box 8428, Chicago, IL 60614,** (312) **486-2594, Rhino, 2225 Colorado Ave., Santa Monica, CA** 90404, **(310) 828-1980.**

ARTHUR B. AUBRY

# THE STOLAR SYSTEM.

# STOLI®

## THE RUSSIAN PHENOMENON.

GIFT DELIVERY 1-(800)-238-4379 40% ALC. BY VOL. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. MONSIEUR HENRI WINES, LTD., WHITE PLAINS, NY

continued from page 37

**SPIN:** Do you think that the anger expressed on *Death Certificate* is a reaction to the "sensitivity" of *Boyz N the Hood*?

**Cube:** Most of *Death Certificate* was written before *Boyz* was even put into action. It's not like I'm just starting to write the way I wrote on *Death Certficate*. I start early, don't waste no time.

**SPIN:** At the same time, you're not afraid of sensitivity, of emotion. One of my own problems with hip hop is that a lot of brothers don't even know how to get to that level.

**Cube:** I got feelings like everybody else. You've got to be sincere. You've got to make the people who are buying your records *feel*. You hear "Dead Homiez" and see *Boyz N the Hood*—the hardest motherfucker is going to feel that because they've seen, or are going to see, many of their home boys die. You know what I'm saying? Boom, boom, boom. I feel that way, so why don't I go to it on my records? Why don't I talk about that on my records? I'm a real person through and through. It's all part of life and my work is our book. My work is mirror images of who we are today.

How can we be haters? What are we going to hate? Okay. I hate you, so now what happens? If a white man tells me he hates me, then he can close down this or stop that, economically cut me off here and boom, boom, boom.

**SPIN:** Someone suggested that SPIN do an article on hate music and that we could include Ice Cube. I tried to explain that something like Nazi skinhead music is about white people trying to regain power that they assume is theirs, to reclaim a lost time. With Ice Cube, you realize we've never had any power.

**Cube:** Whites don't understand what the fuck we go through. They don't understand how we are affected. So it's like, "Fuck what you all think."

Black folks ain't the problem. We're willing to work it out. White people front like they want to work it out, but they want to keep shit just like it is. Why would they want to work it? If I got all the money, why would I want to give you all the money? So I can have less money? But I'll front to you and say, "Hey man, I'll show you how to get the money. You do this, you do that, you hop this fence, you hop that fence, but when you get to my fence, get the hell out." That's how they are, a lot of them, anyway.

**SPIN:** I think people expected Ice Cube to come out with a "black accountability" album and leave white folks out of it. But songs like "Us" are ignored in the reviews in favor of the more incendiary stuff.

**Cube:** Right. But for the most part, they are the reason why we're in the position that we are today. If I want to change the position we are in today, I've got to expose them and who they are. And what they've done to us and how they aren't going to help us. Albums are evolutionary, and while now I'm in one stage, next year I'll be in another stage. I'm laying my seeds.

People think if you're problack that you're antiwhite. I'm antipoor. I'm not anti-Semitic. What do I gain by being anti-Semitic? I work with a lot of Jewish people in the business. My agency is

**"This black girl gets into a fight with a Korean storeowner and gets shot in the back. It's on videotape. Six months probation. Now a few months ago, this black man shoots this dog and get six months in the pen for that. What kind of message is that? That this black little girl's life isn't worth more than a dog's life?"**

Jewish, William Morris. My record company is Jewish. What do I have to gain by being anti-Semitic? Now if I was anti-Semitic I wouldn't have no problem saying it because I lived before I ran into these people and I'm going to live after they're gone. They didn't make me and they can't break me.

**SPIN:** You don't think that battling racism goes hand in hand with battling anti-Semitism?

**Cube:** The Jewish community don't worry about me saying I'm going to burn Eazy-E in the same verse of the same song. They ain't worrying about the black problem, so why should I worry about the Jewish problem? You all mad at me because of what I said I was going to do to Jerry Heller? What about Eazy-E. Am I antiblack?

The simple fact is this: If Jerry Heller was green or purple, I'd say the same thing. I could care less what his religion is. That's his business. But don't act like you can't have a bad seed in your people, because there's bad seeds in all people, black, white, Jewish people. So don't front like it's impossible. Do they agree with what Jerry Heller did to me? Where was the Wiesenthal Center when this motherfucker was taking my money? So it's all right for a Jewish man to take a black man to the bank?

I'm not trying to advocate nothing against nobody. If the Jewish community would like to better relations between blacks and Jews they should hear me, what I'm saying. Words aren't threatening. If you can't hear our cries, how can we better things? That's what I want to change. Now it's going to come to a point where there's no looking back.

**SPIN:** Do you think there's violence in the future?

**Cube:** Yeah. Hell, yeah. Like Armageddon.

**SPIN:** Is there anyway we can avoid that?

**Cube:** We're doing all we can do. We're putting out records. We telling them how we feel. It's on them to make it better with us. What have we done to them? What have we ever done to them? What have we ever done to white people? What have we ever done to Jewish people? What have we done to Koreans? It's all about them making it hard for us. Because when we start it, we ain't got nothing to lose. So it's on them. This is how we feel. Now you know. You're forewarned how we feel. You can do what you can to stop it all.

**SPIN:** "True niggas ain't gay" you say on "Horny Lil' Devil." Do you believe that?

**Cube:** This doesn't have nothing to do with being gay or straight. This is something saying you can't fuck niggas out of their manhood or their land. It's a metaphor. It's not like saying you aren't a true nigga because you're gay. You ain't a true nigga if you let the white power structure fuck you out of your manhood.

**SPIN:** So you regard getting fucked as a metaphor for economic exploitation? You understand the problem someone might have with the lyric? Some black folks are gonna be alienated when they hear that....

**Cube:** I don't have a problem with gays. To each his own. But if you allow yourself to get fucked out of your manhood then . . . it ain't homophobia, it's just saying we won't allow ourselves to get fucked. If you do, you ain't true. I don't know any gay people.

**SPIN:** Of course you do.

**Cube:** If they're gay, I don't know it.

**SPIN:** So the lyrics have a purpose even if they seem offensive?

**Cube:** You can't go to the Japanese talking Zulu. You can't go to the ghetto talking no motherfucking Beverly Hills shit.

**SPIN:** I'm down with finding a common ground of communication, but shouldn't there also be a level of education, where we aren't forced to endure stereotypes or insults?

**Cube:** Yeah, well, there's different levels. It depends on what level you chose to be on. A lot of people use "bitch" and "ho" because it sounds good. No kind of science behind it. It depends on the individual.

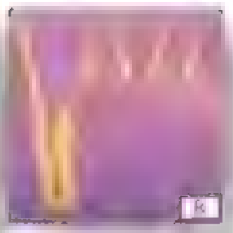
People say there should be some kind of agreement between rappers. But I don't agree with everything Kris [KRS-One] says. Chuck [D] don't agree with everything *I* say. We're all spokes in the wheel, going to the point, getting the ball rolling. Have you ever seen a wheel with one spoke? It's not a wheel. You got to come from different directions to get to the same point. And roll.

# The Only Way to Get These CDs Any Cheaper... Is Illegal

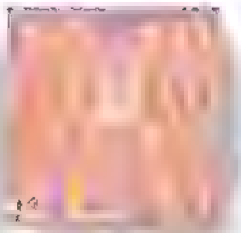
1
**Djam Karet**
"Instrumental rock that rivals the glory days of Pink Floyd... the greatest undiscovered band in the world."
-Robert Carlberg, *Electronic Musician*, December 1989.

"...the jagged complexity of King Crimson and the improv guitar happenstance of the Grateful Dead..."
David Fricke, *Rolling Stone*, December 1989.

"9/8" -John Diliberto, *CD Review*, May 1990.



2
**Jazz 2**
This disc is an incredible smorgasbord of the best jazz available on any label... anywhere! From the multi-reed sounds of the Nuclear Whales Saxophone Orchestra to the acoustic piano virtuosity of David Chesky, this CD will be one of your favorites. It'll widen your musical horizons and make you a true believer in jazz.



3
**10/10**
Each track on this collectors edition disc has been awarded a 10. 10 by the editors of *CD Review*. Among the standouts *Igor Bril & the All Soviet Jazz Band* (Mobile Fidelity), *Banks of the Helicon* (Dorian), *Chopin: Piano Works* (Klavier), Corelli's *Concerto Grossi* (Hungaroton). The only other places you can buy this CD are in *CD Review* magazine, the *almost FREE Music Guide*, or the Music/NH catalog of hard-to-find CDs.

4
**Blues**
Included on this special blues sampler are Charles Brown, who Bonnie Raitt calls the "best blues artist alive today"; Rykodisc's Country Joe McDonald, who brings you "Superstitious Blues"; and Lightnin' Hopkins from Smithsonian/Folkways. In all there are 18 superlative blues artists, making this disc a collectors item.

5
**TDK**
Want to make virtually perfect recordings from your CDs every time? With the *TDK Ultimate Guide to Recording from CDs*, it's easy-and foolproof. TDK's unique Reference Tone recording system tells your deck exactly what it needs to know to handle today's hot tapes and hot CD sounds. All this plus great new music from some of today's hottest new bands.

## FREE CD ORDER FORM

FOR FASTER SERVICE CALL **800-234-8458**

| | QTY. | $3.79 S&H |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Djam Karet | | |
| 2 Jazz | | |
| 3 10/10 | | |
| 4 Blues | | |
| 5 TDK | | |
| CD Review | | |
| TOTALS: | | |

"almost FREE" CDs are offered every month in *CD Review*, America's only compact disc music magazine. 12 issues only $19.94. (Free CD with your order) Subscribe today! 1-800-234-8458.

Make all checks payable to BUYS Inc. and mail to: Box 3080, Peterborough, NH 03458. For faster service call 1-800-234-8458 ($15 minimum credit card order).

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED ☐ CHARGE MY: ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS

CARD NUMBER SAGE9 EXPIRATION DATE

Add $3 per CD for Canadian or foreign orders. CD Review subscriptions: add $7 per Canadian order plus $1.40 GST; other foreign countries add $18 for surface mail, $42 for airmail. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

continued from page 67

AIDS because they still view it as a disease of somebody else's kids. It isn't.

"There may still be high numbers among street youth and gay youth, but more and more we are going to be seeing cases of the boy and girl next door."

Orlando is not alone in this perception. Brad Brusavich is the coordinator for youth services at the Gay and Lesbian Community Service Center in Los Angeles. The center works with a variety of youth, including runaways and throwaways, as well as gay and lesbian youth. "It's important that we remember where a lot of these kids came from. They weren't *born* homeless—and many of them come from a middle-class environment. About 25 percent of our clients come through HIV positive and not all of those youth got HIV on the streets."

According to Hein and other experts, the majority of youth with HIV are getting it through heterosexual transmission. Over 85 percent of all adolescent women (defined by the CDC as 13 to 19 years old) with HIV contracted it through heterosexual contact, rather than intravenous drug use. Adolescent males who contract HIV are still predominantly drug users, but many are like Jarrod—teens who don't realize that passing a needle, any needle, puts them at risk.

William Cannon, outreach coordinator for the Montefiore adolescent AIDS program, notes that "bisexual sexual activity and the use of these drugs are definitely components in spreading AIDS into the middle-class teen environment. You can't just say it is street kids anymore, or gay kids. With such a high percentage of our youth sexually active and/or involved in drug use of some kind, it is no wonder we are in the midst of a new and very frightening epidemic. It is very difficult to watch kids die of this disease."

Yet in spite of the growing rate of HIV disease among teens and in spite of the CDC's own statistic that nearly 25 percent of the recent cases of HIV among those in their 20s and early 30s were contracted during adolescence, there are almost no national programs—or local programs—to deal with the epidemic.

Philadelphia was the first city in the nation to adopt a program to distribute free condoms in the city's high schools after a school district survey in 1989 showed that at least one third of the high school students in that city were sexually active with more than one partner, and 67 percent of that third were sexually active with one partner. The survey estimated that about five percent of the city's 51,000 high school students were HIV infected.

But it took nearly a year to get the program implemented—only after repeated protests by groups such as ACT UP (AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power) and local AIDS organizations. At the end of 1991, only four schools were distributing the condoms: Three of the schools are largely nonwhite and one is a former boys-only high school, with few female students.

New York City adopted a similar program in November 1991, but Hein points out the problems with these programs. "This is not just about condoms," she says. "It's about saturating our whole society with talk about the epidemic. We've got to look at some new strategies, not just keep hauling out the old ones like telling kids not to have sex. Wishful thinking and 'Just say no' ought to be part of the past history of the first decade of the AIDS epidemic. We need very bold steps to address the epidemic."

The problem with condom distribution, say experts like Hein and Orlando, is parental resistance. "Nobody wants the schools taking charge of their kids' sexual life," says Orlando, "and that is the way condom distribution is perceived. Everybody sees it as licensing kids to have sex. What they don't seem to understand is that kids *are* having sex. And now they're dying from it."

**"There is a lot of experimentation that goes on with teens—if kids experiment with sex, it shouldn't kill them."**

But that argument doesn't hold for many resisting the condom distribution movement. Top on the list of resisters is the Bush administration. Public Health Service director Dr. James Mason told SPIN that condom distribution "is perceived as promoting sexual activity among teenagers. And since they are at such high risk for the disease, we do not want to support such programs. Abstinence is the only safe approach for teens today. They have to remember that every boy or girl they have sex with is like having sex with every other person that boy or girl had sex with. How can we responsibly promote that?"

Steve Ashkinazy, director of the Harvey Milk High School in New York, the nation's only lesbian and gay high school, sees the problem quite differently. "We are not looking at our youth as whole people—which means *sexual* people. There is a lot of experimentation that goes on with teens—if kids experiment with sex, it shouldn't kill them. But the lack of counseling in the schools that is proactive just serves to isolate these kids further."

Ashkinazy says that lesbian and gay youth are particularly susceptible. "There is no safe sex for gay kids taught in high schools, there is no effort being made to address these kids and that makes them even more isolated than heterosexual kids in high schools. And it very well could be killing them."

CDC statistics support Ashkinazy's claim. In studies conducted in San Francisco, safe sex practices within the gay male community have resulted in a steady decrease in the number of new AIDS cases among gay men. But in the 15- to 19-year age group, the cases were *increasing*. Mason says, "The message is not getting through to this segment of the gay population." But Ashkinazy notes that there is no avenue for the safe-sex message to get through to gay youth.

"Few kids are secure enough in their sexual identity to go to their high school counselor and ask for safe sex information when they are *heterosexual*. It's that much harder for gay youth. And even if they did ask, how many counselors are trained to give the right information? We could soon have a whole new epidemic of HIV in a new generation of gay youth."

And the adolescent epidemic of AIDS and HIV in the '90s is beginning to look alarmingly similar to the first wave of the AIDS epidemic of the '80s. In New York City, cases of AIDS among 13- to 20-year-olds represent almost 25 percent of adolescent cases of AIDS nationwide. The numbers are also very high in cities that are AIDS hot spots: Los Angeles, Miami, Boston, and Philadelphia. In New York and New Jersey, AIDS has become the leading cause of death among adolescent African-American and Hispanic women. And in those states AIDS is the leading cause of death for Hispanic children between the ages of one and four, many, according to the U.S. surgeon general's office, born to teenage mothers infected with the disease.

Hein thinks that adolescents are the most secretive and frightened about HIV. "For those young people in our program who are living with HIV, the veil of secrecy, of having the virus, they say is the biggest burden of all."

Orlando cautions that the worst is yet to come. "Now is the time for people to be shaping their programs for teens because we are on the verge of a tremendous explosion of teens and people in their early 20s with AIDS or HIV. The kids are getting younger and younger. With adolescents it's very hard to trace where the infection came from in the first place. And that's why we have to have very comprehensive programs of education and information. Condoms are a good first step, but much more is needed."

For Jarrod, who says he always used condoms with his girlfriend, condom distribution wouldn't have changed his HIV status. "What would have helped me," he says, "is knowing that there's a lot of other dangers out there that you don't even consider. I didn't know I could get AIDS from using steroids. Here I was, trying to make my body better, and now I'll probably die. I just wished *somebody* had told me."

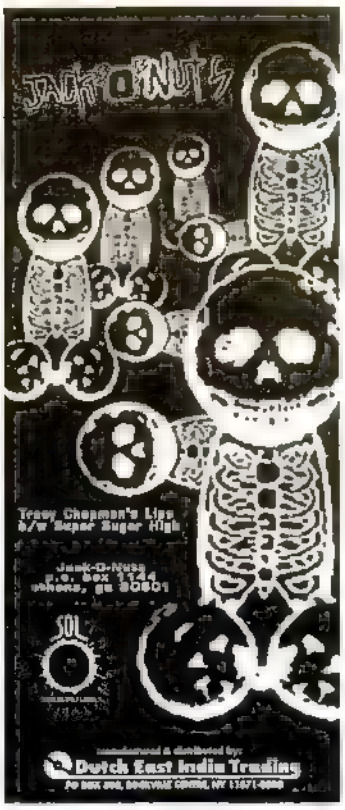


SPIN (ISSN 0886-3032), Volume 7, Number 12. Copyright © 1992 by Camouflage Associates. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States by Camouflage Associates, 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011-4608. European Office: SPIN, 11 rue Jean Macé, 75011 Paris, France. **Subscription inquiries:** Send new or renewal notices or change of address (send both old and new addresses) to SPIN, P.O. Box 420193, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0193. Allow six to eight weeks for change of address. **Subscription problems:** Call 1-800-829-9093. **Subscription costs:** U.S. and its possessions: 1 year basic rate, $18.00; 2 years, $32.00. Canada: 1 year, $30.00 (U.S.). Foreign: 1 year, $50.00 (U.S.). Second class postage paid New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. **Postmaster:** Send address changes to SPIN, P.O. Box 420193, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0193. Printed in USA. Editorial offices: 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011-4608; tel. (212) 633-8200. Publisher disclaims all responsibility for return unsolicited editorial matter, and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to SPIN magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part without permission from the writer. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Single copies: $2.95 in U.S. and APO., $3.50 in Canada, £1.95 in U.K.

# SPIN iNDiES

**DIAL 1-900-454-3277**

Sample the latest INDIE releases in this section on MUSIC ACCESS (95¢/min)




1818

Would you buy a new car without first taking it for a SPIN?

## MUSIC ACCESS
### TELEPHONE PREVIEWS

**SAMPLE** high quality audio segments from independent releases.

**CHOOSE** by ACCESS # music category... or selections of the week.

**CONTROL** volume, repeat, ff, pause with touch tones

**TAKE** a SPIN before purchasing

Just follow the simple prompts it's quick, easy, and efficient

**MUSIC ACCESS**
The Independent Promotion Solution
**1-900-454-3277**
$.95/MIN
More than 500 releases...and growing

*For SPIN INDIES*
*1) Dial 1-900-454-3277*
*2) Select SPIN INDIES (press 2)*
*3) Follow the prompts to select music*

*Control the music!*
*Press 3 to fast forward 15 sec*
*Press 4 for louder*
*Press 5 for softer*
*Press * to select another piece*

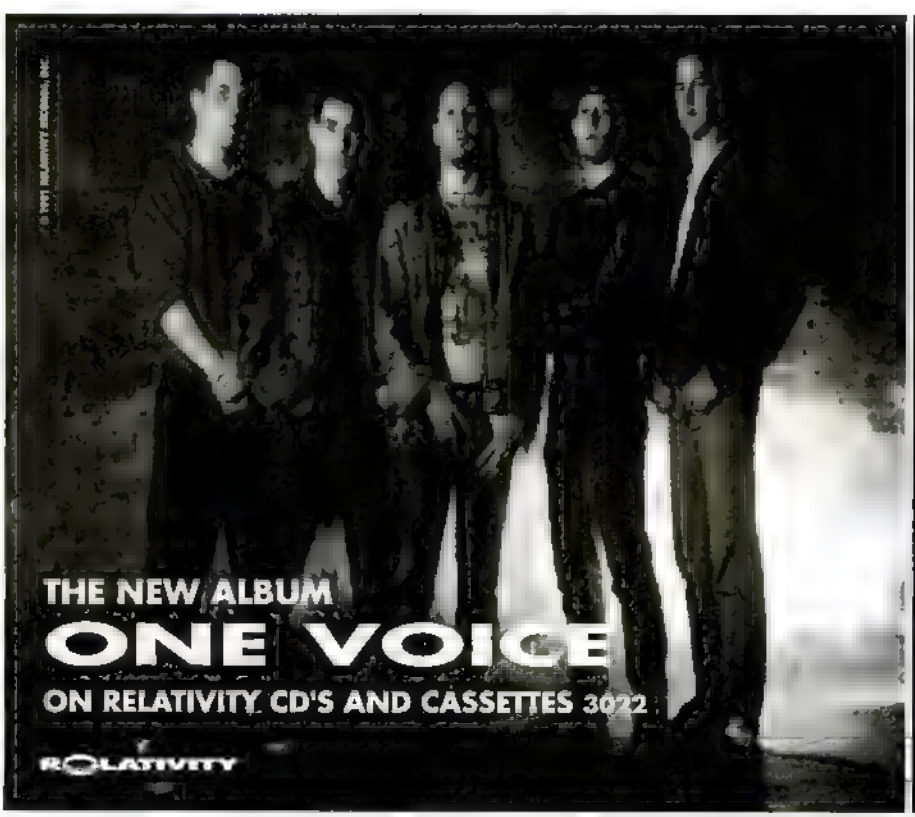
| | |
|---|---|
| 5950 | NEGAZIONE "100%" / Ratz |
| 5951 | THE RESISTORS "Force of Habit" / Ratz |
| 5952 | SUCKSPEED "Slow Motion" / Ratz |
| 5953 | CROWD OF ISOLATED "Act Your Age" /Ratz |
| 5954 | TOXIC ARMPIT "Org" /TOG |
| 5955 | PRIMAL VIRTUE "Unleashed" /TOG |
| 5956 | REVEREND NATE "Thirty seconds in the Bahamas" /TOG |
| 5957 | MONETS GARDEN "PRAY" / Imagine |
| 5958 | VAN GOGH'S ROUGHRIDERS "Little Rituals" / Ibiz |
| 5959 | YOUTH GONE MAD "Loud Mouth" / E.M. Kostabi |
| 5960 | THE MIGHTY CHARGE "Ready for Anything" / MALISTINGS |
| 5961 | BLACK SUN ENSAMBLE "Elemental Forces" /RECKLESS |
| 5962 | HAMMER BOX "hammerbox" /C/Z |
| 5963 | MICKEY HART "Planet Drum" / Rykodisc |
| 5964 | THE DEAD YOUTH "Intense Brutality 'Grind Core' |
| 5965 | TOM WAITS "The Early Years" / Bizarre |
| 5971 | ERLING WOLD "I Weep" / Spooky Pooch |

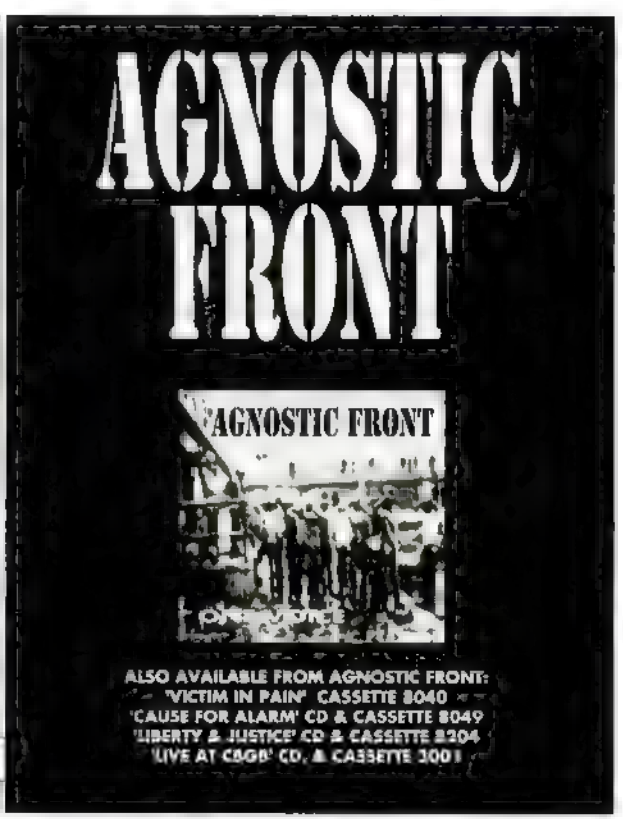
**BLOWFLY LIVES!**

The New Album...
*"The Twisted World Of Blowfly"*

OOPS 1-3007 Lp/Cs/Cd
With guests artists *members of The Red Hot Chili Peppers and Fishbone.*
OOPS! Records
38 NE 167th St.
Miami, Fl. 33162
*Order by Phone:*
Tel: (305) 948-6466
Fax: (305)945-1055

1819





AGNOSTIC FRONT
AGNOSTIC FRONT
ALSO AVAILABLE FROM AGNOSTIC FRONT:
'VICTIM IN PAIN' CASSETTE 8040
'CAUSE FOR ALARM' CD & CASSETTE 8049
'LIBERTY & JUSTICE' CD & CASSETTE 8204
'LIVE AT CBGB' CD, & CASSETTE 3001

1820

SPIN

# C L A S S I F I E D S

Rates and information: Classified rates $34 per line standard type -3line minimum. Display rates $300 per column inch ( column width 2" ). Frequency discounts are available. Please include payment, sample of product or catalog, address and phone number with all orders. For deadlines call Spin Classifieds @ (212)633-8200. For further information call or write SPIN CLASSIFIEDS @ 6 West 18th St. NY, NY 10011

**212-633-8200**

## ASTROLOGY

**LIVE PSYCHICS**
BRILLIANT WELL KNOWN PSYCHICS AVAILABLE TO SPEAK TO YOU PRIVATELY 1 ON 1 !!!
CALL 1-900-820-2468
Only $2.50/5 mins.

## BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

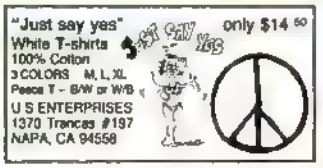
VIP - Complete Guide to Obtaining Backstage Passes $5, WBY, Salvisa, KY 40372-0085

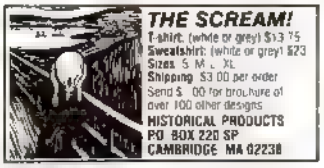
## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**COLLEGE STUDENTS** - earn big $$$ fast selling printed T-shirts on campus. We provide shirts. Call CHILLYBEAR now (203) 622-7115

## CLOTHING

## CLOTHING





THE SCREAM!
T-shirt: (white or grey) $13.75
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23
Sizes: S, M, L, XL
Shipping: $3.00 per order
Send $1.00 for brochure of over 100 other designs
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
PO BOX 220 SP
CAMBRIDGE, MA 02238

Hard to find
alternative
T-SHIRTS
from England & elsewhere
Over 500 different designs
Depeche Mode, REM, Cure, Morrissey, U2, B-52's, Alice/Chains, Bauhaus, Beatles, Berlioni, Black Crowes, Blues Bros, Charlatans, Clash, cocteau Twins, DK's, Dead Milkmen, Deee-lite, Doors, EMF, Erasure, M.C. Escher, Fishbone, Front 242, Greenpeace, Gwar, Happy Mondays, Inspiral Carpets, Intl. Jane's Addiction, Jesus Jones, Jellyfish, Lush, Madonna, Bob Marley, Peter Murphy, Jack Nicholson, Nitzer Ebb, Pet Shop Boys, Pigface, Pink Floyd, Pixies, Pogues, Ramones, Red Hot Chili's, Replacements, Sex Pistols, Siouxsie Sioux/Mercy, Sons, Youth, Soup Dragons, 10,000 Maniacs, They Might Be Giants, Twin Peaks, Andy Warhol, Wedding Present, and many more. $15.50 each ea. shipping. Posters, books and more, catalog $1.50 free with order! BRUISING AIRLINES, Dept. SP06, Box 3757, Trenton, NJ 08629 - 609-587-7800 VISA/MasterCard.

## COLLECTORS ITEMS

**COLLECTORS** Rare Records, Shows Posters, Autos Awards, Jackets, CD's, Video, Magazines, Etc Nicks REM, Heart, U2 Elton, Madonna Zep, Rush, Etc LARGE CATALOG $2.00 Wynnco Box 1908S, Easley SC 29641

## COLLECTORS ITEMS

STONES CRAZY? 30 ft. tall picture of Stones from Steel Wheels on Ny on. One of kind. Orig. cost $21,000. Offers/questions PO Box 176, W B. MASS 01885

## CONCERT TICKETS

**FREE FRONT ROW TICKETS! BACKSTAGE PASSES!**
Ex-ticket agents and Roadies show you how. Reveal inside secrets! Never stand in line again! Meet your favorite bands! Works in every city!
Full Details! Call Now!
1-900-28-TICKETS
only $1.95 per minute

## CRYSTALS

**HANDCRAFTED NATURAL QUARTZ CRYSTAL NECKLACES**
STERLING SILVER SETTING! Woven Black Cord. Supplies Limited. Send check or Money Order for $16.95 + $3 Postage & Handling to:
COLD DAY inc., P.O. Box 2877
Newport News, VA, 23609-0877.
*VA residents add 4.5% sales tax.*

## DRUG TESTING

**DRUG TESTING SHORT NOTICE**
True factual information
1(900) 776-1532
$3.00 per minute
24 hour confidential.

## FAN CLUBS

**REM**
Post Office Box 8032
Athens, GA 30603

## FAN CLUBS

SONIC DEATH (SONIC YOUTH)
P.O. BOX 1588
BLOOMFIELD, N.J. 07003

U.W.E.B. (THE RESIDENTS)
35 MONTANA
SAN FRANSISCO, CA 94112

## FILM AND VIDEO

CALIFORNIA NUDE BEACHES 1-15 Nudist Beauty Contest 1 10 2hrs $30.00 Each. Catalog $2.00 T&A Video, 904 Silver Spur Rd. ,#401 R.H.E., CA 90274 310-519-8840

BEAT VIDEOS
Progressive New Computer Animated Videos to accompany your own music. One full hour of constantly changing graphic animations. Great for Home, Night Clubs or Video Display.
Two Styles: POP VIDEO or INDUSTRIAL VIDEO GRAPHICS.
$15.00 Per Video (tax included - plus $4.50 S/H. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.)
Send check or money order to:
Bluesand Video Productions
PO Box 9358 Clearwater, OH 44410 (330) 296-8811 (800) 641-6440

NATURISM LIFESTYLE photography. Family nudism magazines, videos. Catalog $3. Lifestyles-P, Box 661268, L.A., CA 90066

**MUSIC VIDEO CATALOG**
2680 Music Videos with descriptions, songlists & photos. All U.S. & Imports. 155 page catalog-$5-refundable on 1st order.
NEW WAVE VIDEO
110-21 73 Road, Suite 1G
Forest Hills, NY 11375-6313

## FINANCIAL

$ 3,000.00 CASH GUARENTEED REBULD YOUR CREDIT 1-800-388-8367 24 Hrs

# SPIN CLASSIFIEDS

Rates and information - Classified rates $34 per line standard type - 3line minimum. Display rates $300 per column inch ( column width 2" ).Frequency discounts are available. Please include payment, sample of product or catalog, address and phone number wit h all orders. For deadlines call Spin Classifieds @ (212)633-8200. For further information call or write SPIN CLASSIFIEDS@6 Wes18th St. NY, NY 10011

**212-633-8200**

## FINANCIAL

**LOAN HOTLINE**
**LOANS AVAILABLE NOW**
Bills / Auto / Ect.
Bad Credit Ok • No Collateral
$1,000.00 — $40,000.00
**1-800-899-7759**

DEBTS? BILLS PILING UP? Bad credit is no problem. We'll help Licensed/Bonded.Applications accepted $500-$50,000. Not a loan company. UAC,Dept.SN,PO Box 26295, Birmingham,AL.35226 or call (800) 326-8284

## GAY / LESBIAN SERVICES

GAY/LESBIAN MEETING SERVICE & MERCHANDISE CATALOG.(Books, Music,Jewelry, Clothing ,more). Free Info: Orion Services, 2300 Market #14S S.F., CA 94114 – CONFIDENTIAL

## GIFTS

CHOCOLATE ELECTRIC GUITARS
$20. ea/ Shipping Incl/Min of 2 Per Order
*Rock n Roll Dreams Made of Chocolate!*
Send Check or Money Order To
CHOCOLATE ROCK RECORDS
P.O. Box 360 N.Y. N.Y. 10016

**PENISES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM**
Comparative anatomy chart (23"x35") depicts the male copulatory organs of several animals, from man to whale. Features the finger-like appendage of the porpoise penis, the extended urethra of the giraffe, and many other genitological oddities. A lithographic print of rare quality suitable for framing and display, the poster includes an insert of descriptive text to complement the graphics. Ideal as an educational resource, decoration for home or office, or unique gift. $8.95 plus $2 for postage and handling: Scientific Novelty Co., Box 873-F, Bloomington, IN 47402. Please allow two weeks for delivery.

## HELP WANTED

**EASY WORK ! EXCELLENT PAY!** Assemble products at home. Call Toll Free 1-800-467-5566 Ext. 2566

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA JOBS!** "Job News" $10 (non U.S. $20) Box 34413 - San Diego, CA 92163

## IDENTIFICATION

**DRIVERS LICENSES**
- REAL BLANK DRIVERS LICENSES
- ORIGINALS! NOT CHEAP FAKE I.D.
- ANY STATE OR CANADA
- EASY DO IT YOURSELF KIT
- 100% FOOLPROOF + LEGAL
- MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
- FAST CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE

ONLY $5.00
DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW! RUSH $5.00 PER LICENSE KIT OR (2 FOR $8.00) TO:
BELL REAL ID
3148 Plainfield Ave. #150-G
Grand Rapids, MI 49505

## MUSICIANS

CLOTHING,DRESSES,BOOTS, LEATHER!! Big Color Catalog $2.00 Stage Clothes, USA,13 South 7th St, Minneapolis,MN 55402 Dept. S

$RECORD CONTRACTS$ The places to send demos. Addresses of top recording companies; all styles. Send $9.98 to P.O. Box 760 Yorktown, Va 23692.

## PEN PALS

PEN PALS WORLDWIDE for lasting friendship, maybe more. Sample Photos free! Hermes, Box 110660/N Berlin, 11 Germany.

## PEN PALS

PEN FRIEND– England,USA, Worldwide friendship, maybe more. Sample Send Age, Interests for Free reply CURRENTS, Box 525-SN, Brooklyn, NY 11229 (718) 382-4159

PENFRIENDS - ENGLAND - USA Make lasting friendships. Send age,interests. Free Reply. Harmony Box 82295 SP Phoenix AZ 85071

**SCANDINAVIA-RUSSIA-POLAND, etc:** Worldwide correspondence for students /young professionals (since1980)SCANNA,POB 4-SP., Pittsford,NY 14534 (716)586-3170

JAPANESE LADIES Want single Men/Penfriends. Details $2.,Box 20323-SP, S.V., NV 89433

**LATIN INTRODUCTIONS!** For American & Latin/men & women FREE 24-pg color cat. Box 26750-S Ft. Laud. FL 33320 (305)486-1373

## PERSONAL

**SCORE WITH BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!** Proven Techniques Guarantee Success! From 1st Impressions to First Dates - Everything Covered. Send $18 payable to: YUNIQUE VENTURES,Ste.249 4431 Lehigh Rd, College Park, MD 20740

## POSTERS AND PHOTOS

**99¢ COLOR CELEBRITY POSTERS!** World's largest selection, over 1,000,000 Rock, Movie, TV photos and more. Every celebrity from the 30's to the 90's. Giant catalog. Sample--$2, Front Row Photos, Box 484-SN Nesconset, NY 11767

CELEB PHOTOS : Rock, Metal, TV+ Send SASE for list. Name favorites. PIX/SPIN POB 31836 Hou TX 77231

## RECORDS TAPES AND CD's

**THE SMALLER THEY COME THE HARDER THEY ROCK**
send a s.a.s.e. for our complete mail order catalog featuring releases from **american standard, crawlpappy, killing time, outcrowd,** & more.
BLACKOUT ! RECORDS
PO BOX 344
ROWLEND, NY 14715
DISTRIBUTED BY CAROLINE

Unsigned musicians material on sale now. Send $2.00 for new spring catalog. Musicians International Tape Exchange 7675 E. Sutton Dr. Scottsdale AZ 85260 - The Future is Here -

**ATTENTION MUSIC LOVERS** Hear the HITS that major record companies don't sell. For your FREE "Northwest Music Catalog", and sampler cassette, send $1.00 for S&H to Martin Productions, Inc 1200 Westlake Ave. N #414, Seattle, WA 98109

RARE AND IMPORTED RECORDS AND CDs Catalog $1.00. MUSIC MAILORDER Dept KL Box 21723 Milwaukee, WI 53221-1723

Don't Suck Corporate Cock. Write for free SST catalog of records, t-shirts & other merchandise. PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260 USA

## RECORDS TAPES AND CD's

NEW WAVE, INDIE-POP, ROCK, HARD-CORE. LP's, 45's, CD's. Send $1 for Catalog,VINYL INK,Dept.S, 955 Bonifant ST, Silver Spring MD 20910

**SUB POP**
Nirvana • Soundgarden • Mudhoney
Tad • Smashing Pumpkins • Helm • L7
***GRUNGE IN YOUR FACE!***
FREE CATALOG: Sub Pop Mail Order
1932 1st Ave #1103, Seattle, WA 98101
**Stores – We Sell Vinyl Direct!**
Fax: 206 • 441 • 8245

**AMAZING FREE MAIL ORDER** catalog! Punk, Reggae, Dub, Ska, Industrial, New Wave, Techno. ROIR,611 Broadway, Suite 411-S NYC, NY 10012 Tel. 212-477-0563

ethereal • gloom
goth catalog
... free!
rare indie releases.
projekt- s. box 1591.
garden grove, ca 92642

DISCOUNT CD's, LP's Cass. Unused! Catalog $2! Revenge Records, Box 1179 (S) , New York, NY 10276

**IMPORTS, OLDIES, INDIES,** Alternative CD's $1 for quarterly catalog. OFF THE RECORD, 6136 El Cajon Blvd San Diego, CA 92115

## REGGAE

**REGGAE, HIP-HOP & DANCEHALL** LP's,Cass.,CD's,Videos,T-Shirts Tams,Buttons,Decals, & much more. Catalog $5. One World, PO Box 1101 Wausau, WI 54402

## RESEARCH SERVICES

SPEEDY RESEARCH 50,000 Topics, Reports $5 per page. Materials for research assistance use only! Custom research available. VISA/MC/AMEX 1-800-356-9001

## TELEVISION

TV GLASSES! Magnifies 3X your TV screens. Completely Safe and returnable. $29.96 + $3 p/h. Box 6526, Yuma AZ 85366. Send $1 (refundable) for brochure.

## WATCHES

**WATCH REPLICAS** LOWEST PRICES! Warranty! Exact Weight / Color! 18KT Goldplated (404) 963-3872

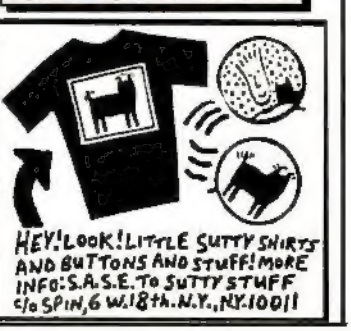
**The Way COOL SPIN T-Shirt**
**The Mega-T is 100% cotton It comes in black. The shirt is available in "L"and for those of you livin' EXTRA large "XL".**
**To order, send a check or money order made out to SPIN for a Measly $12 (shipping and handling is free)**
**Send a 3x5 index card with your name, address, quantity, & sizes to:**
**SPIN T-Shirts PO Box 1431 Church Hill, MD 21690**

**Term Paper Blues?**

**Term Paper Assistance**
*Catalog of 19,278 research papers*
Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD
**1-800-351-0222**
California & Canada: (213) 477-8226
Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)
**Or send $2.00 with coupon below**
Our 280-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.
*EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .*
**15759-WORK RELATED STRESS** Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes, 7 bibliographies, 6 pages.
**15842-GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION** Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes, 8 bibliographies, 8 pages.
Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 30 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.
*QUALITY GUARANTEED!*
RA RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206-KN
West Los Angeles, California 90025
*Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage.*
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**CONDOMS BY MAIL!**
**50% OFF**
Get the best condoms available today! Your choice of the latest Japanese brands (thinnest in the world!), textured condoms for maximum sexual satisfaction, slimmer condoms for a snugger fit, plus GOLD CIRCLE, PRIME & more! Choose from 36 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Free Brochure describes all the features and the difference between the brands. Money-back if not delighted.
**Adam & Eve** Box 800, Dept. SN102 Carrboro, NC 27510
Please send in plain package under your money back guarantee:
☐ #1232 21 Condom Sampler was ~~$24.95~~ NOW $3.00
☐ #6403 Super 100 sampler was ~~$39.95~~ NOW $9.95
☐ Free Color Adult Catalog ..... FREE
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**24 Hour Phone Play!**
Live 1-ON-1 Talk
**1-900-976-PLAY**
1-900-976-7529
•Adults Only •No Credit Card Needed
$2 per min. Telephon, P.O. Box 5302 Whittier, CA 90607






Material chroniony prawem autorskim

# BACK PAGE

## Bonerama!

## JONATHAN BERNSTEIN looks at spring break movies.

WHENEVER A QUORUM OF cineastes or semioticians convenes to discuss the state of contemporary film, familiar beefs are always aired: the profligacy of the major studios, the subliterate state of screenwriting, the venal and narcissistic stars who refuse to be portrayed in a light less flattering than, say, Mother Teresa.

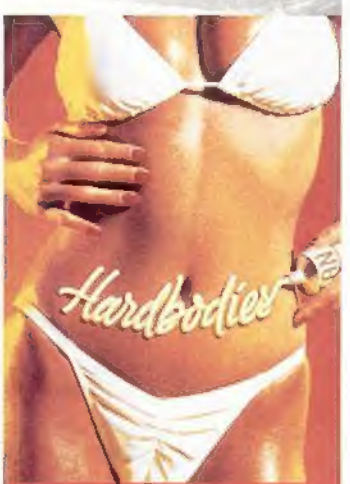
There's another, less readily acknowledged reason why films seem so little fun these days: the death of the teen movie and, in particular, the spring break film. We're talking about the wretched subgenre wherein a bunch of 28-year-old generic teens invade a coastal resort and go hormonally ballistic, impaling themselves on available flesh, submerging inside kegs, destroying property, and ritually humiliating venerable character actors who'd otherwise have faced protracted unemployment during the teen-stroking '80s.

Although most of these movies saw big-screen service, the perfect setting for maximum enjoyment was always a lights-down, beer-can-and-potato-chip-packet–strewn suburban living room packed with haggard masturbators. At least it was for me. That's where I learned to, if not love, then endure, the *Screwballs* movies. From the 1983 original in which a quartet of knuckle-dragging lunkheads pursue the Good Girl on Campus (Purity Bush), through 1985's *Loose Screws* (Best gag: Facing expulsion from school, our desolate heroes are slumped at a nearby cafe. One of them moans, "That's the last straw," whereupon a waitress delivers a fresh bunch of straws to the table. Hey, in context, it was a real thigh-slapper) and the most recent *Screwball Hotel*, these pictures plumbed depths few have ever followed.

One series that plumbed deeper than most was *Hardbodies*. The blueprint movie of 1984 contained a glimmer of a plot in between the endless glutes and pecs, but as for the rest—climaxing in last year's triumphantly titled *Hardbodies 4-Ever*—there's only one word: Bonerama! Israel's gift to a grateful world, the tawdry and barely coherent *Lemon Popsicle* films are almost monomaniacal in their devotion to one of the constants in the spring break canon: persecution of the plump. Fatty bashing is a given at the beach, a trend instigated by the ground-breaking *Porky's* movies, but the *Lemon Popsicles* films escalate to sand kicked in faces, graduating to shit rubbed in hair and mousetraps down shorts. These Israeli features make the sex act and adolescence in general seem so unappealing that there's a distinct possibility that their true function is to promote the rewarding alternative of national service.

Most of these movies are unashamedly male-oriented, with female talent on hand merely to house the thong. Notable exceptions are *Where the Boys Are '84*, an awesomely pointless update of the 1960 original in which a quartet of perky young things descends on Fort Lauderdale in search of a few good men. Spike-top Lisa Hartman and Lorna Luft were no improvement on the original's Connie Francis and Paula Prentiss. *The Allnighter* from 1987 starred Susanna Hoffs in her simultaneous big-screen debut and swan song.

*The Sure Thing*




**We're talking about the wretched sub-genre wherein a bunch of 28-year-old generic teens invade a coastal resort and go hormonally ballistic.**

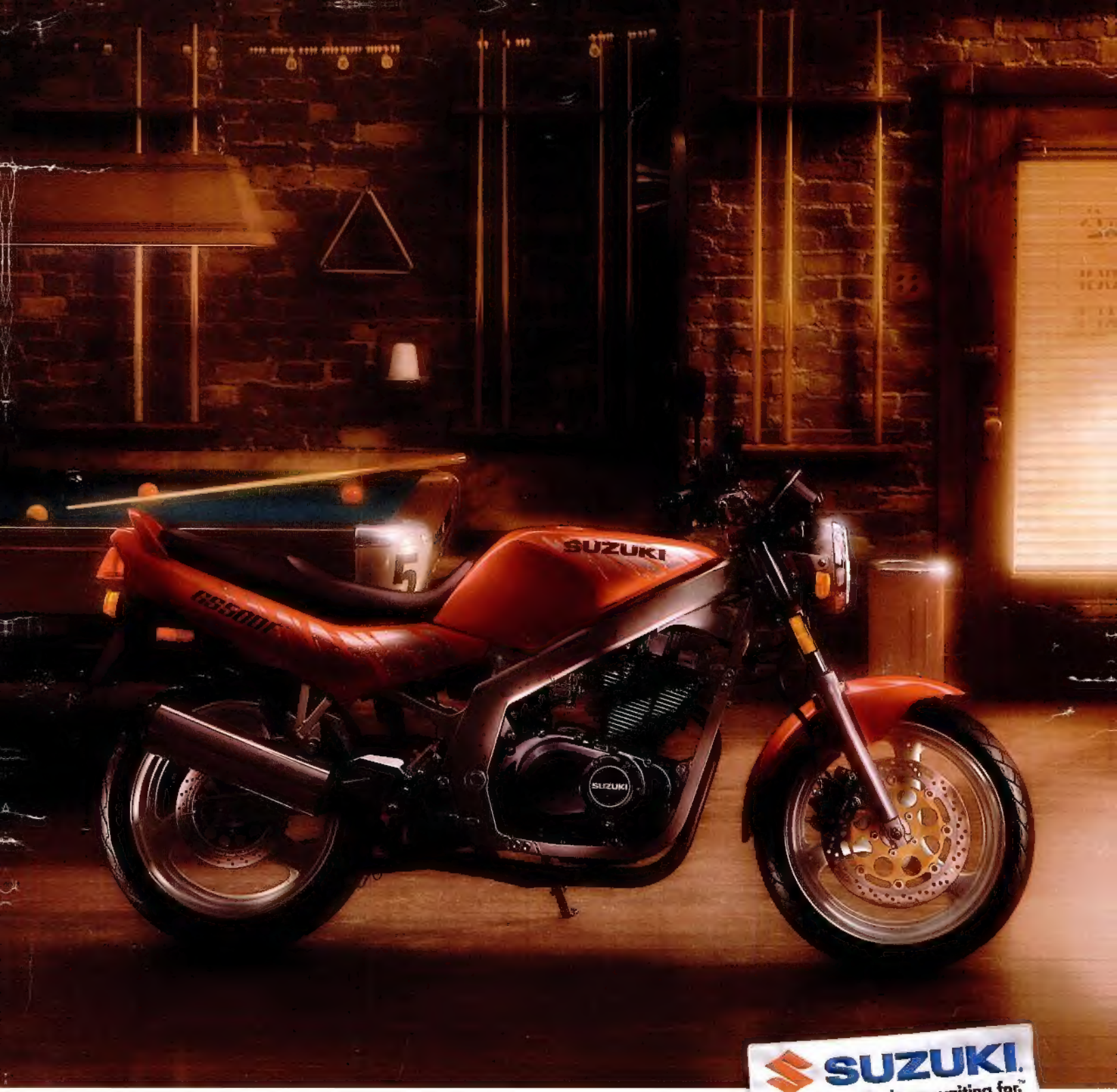
The erstwhile Bangle played a bookish sort, out for a one-time wild time, and who can forget the sensitive scene in which la Hoffs gussies herself up for her big night out, slapping on fistfuls of mascara and pulling down her top in search of cleavage as Aretha wails "Respect" in the background? (The brutal, heavy-handed director of this torrid ordeal? Susanna's mom.)

Even though the raison d'être of these movies is rough, dumb, dirty sex, a little romance sometimes sneaks through. Remember *Summer Lovers*, a sappy soft-foc '82 hit delivering greasy-lipped Peter Gallagher and lank-haired Daryl Hannah to a Greek idyll? It remains a firm favorite with romantically addled teenage girls of all ages and sexes. Remaining a firm favorite of this writer is *The Sure Thing*, Rob Reiner's sly, sweet inversion of teen pic mores. John Cusack starts off horny and hopeless, hot to go West and explore the lush exotica that is Nicollette Sheridan. Halfway through the movie, he's discovered empathy, sensitivity, and the kindred spirit that is his prim polar opposite Daphne Zuniga.

Cusack has never been as good as he was in *The Sure Thing*, and other future stars did their best work in what they've doubtless come to regard as their worst films. Tom Cruise has never been better than he was in 1983's *Losin' It*; Johnny Depp has yet to improve on the form showed in *Private Resort*; and I haven't even mentioned *H.O.T.S.* or *Malibu Bikini Shop*. It's getting warmer, the nights are getting longer; it won't be long now before someone makes a first sighting of *Hardbodies 5*. Bonerama!!!!



Material chroniony prawem autorskim




SUZUKI.
The ride you've been waiting for.™

# It hustles. And still leaves cash in your pocket.

GS500E. For the name of your nearest Suzuki motorcycle and ATV dealer, call 1-800-255-2550. At Suzuki, we want every ride to be safe and enjoyable. So always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. Never ride under the influence of alcohol or other drugs. Study your owner's manual and always inspect your Suzuki before riding. Take a riding skills course. For the course nearest you, call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

**SHOWN ABOVE: LAIRD HAMILTON BOILING WATER IN THE NEW AQUA SURF WITH THE NEOPRENE/SPANDEX COLLAR.**